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LETTERS

our boys in Vietnam

Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: My state's Sen. George Smathers has now joined the crusade of Administration voices aimed at stifling protest of its Vietnamese War policy and to pave the way for a much greater expansion of the war. The Senator says that every war protest is "a slap in the face" to our fighting men. Perhaps.

But this statement of the Senator's misses the point. As one who has long protested our war policy in Vietnam, I must say that the point of our protest is to save the lives of our fighting men, not to spare their feelings. . . .

We shall continue to say to the present Administration (including Senator Smathers), "drive the war machine with care, the life you save may be someone else's."

Reynolds Moody
Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

methadone

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Methadone, says Anthony Prisendorf ["New York's Dope Nostrum," *The Nation,* Apr. 17], is "a long-lasting synthetic substitute for heroin." It is not.

My authority for this contradictory statement is none other than Dr. Marie Nyswander who describes her pioneering Methadone Maintenance Research Project in *Hospital Practice* (April, 1967) a new, authoritative monthly for "staff and community physicians." Methadone, Dr. Nyswander says, acts by "blockading the narcotic effects of heroin." It frees the addict of drug hunger without producing the "high" (euphoria) of heroin and without requiring constantly increased dosage. Methadone is therefore not a substitute for heroin but is an agent that interrupts the vicious cycle of heroin addiction. . . .

Daniel S. Gillmor

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In his *New Yorker* profile of Dr. Nyswander, Nat Hentoff says, "a long-acting synthetic narcotic called methadone is substituted for heroin." Dr. Nyswander's associates at Manhattan General Hospital, with whom I checked after reading Mr. Gillmor's letter, assure me that this is the definition customarily used. "The non-euphoric aspect is usually left out," one told me, "because it's obvious that we're not using something that will make people 'high.' "

Anthony Prisendorf

no strings

Toronto, Can.

DEAR SIRS: C. W. Gonick states in "Canada Fights Its Orbit" [*The Nation*, Apr. 17] that my book, *Foreign Ownership of Canadian Industry,* was financed by the Ford Foundation, and he implies that the funds were granted because of a priori acceptance on my part of the necessity for continentalism. Gonick presumably got his information on the grant from the acknowledgment in the preface to my book. Why did he fail to point out that aid from two Canadian foundations and three Canadian universities was also acknowledged in the preface? Had he bothered to ask me he would have discovered that all of the considerable research costs and about 90 per cent of the salary support involved in my study were from sources in Canada. . . . At the time the Ford Foundation award was made in 1962, I had not announced any of the conclusions of my study, nor was the underlying statistical work completed until some time later.

A. E. Safarian

EDITORIALS

War on the Third Front

If the country were united in its support of the Vietnamese War—to the extent say, of its support of World War II—it would not have been necessary for President Johnson to take the unprecedented step of bringing General Westmoreland back to the States on a barefaced propaganda mission. That the General carried out his assignment, from the standpoint of immediate results, is not to be denied. His looks, his ribbons (six bars high) and the *mystique* of the uniform proved irresistible—as long as he was on stage. He was applauded at the Waldorf-Astoria by the newspaper publishers, at the joint session of Congress by the legislators and, of course, in his home state of South Carolina. At the Waldorf he made the faux pas of accusing critics of the Administration of being unpatriotic; he dropped this charge before his Washington appearance. This attack, which Westmoreland, unlike the President, made forthrightly, must have aroused some misgivings among the press lords, but it did not prevent both *Time* and *Newsweek* from featuring him in the same pose on their covers, hand upraised in salute and smiling at the Congressional ovation, while behind him Vice President Humphrey and Speaker McCormack solemnly applaud.

But then the magic wore off. Just as in the shooting war, escalation breeds escalation, and an excessive sales campaign of the Westmoreland type brings unintended results:

(1) In Mark Twain's phrase, the staging was "too palpable." In a democracy, men in uniform, however resplendent, are expected to fight a war, not justify it. If General Westmoreland's aim had been to inform the country, he would have accepted the invitation of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to appear before it and answer questions. His schedule, it is said, did not permit this session of give-and-take.

(2) This slighting of the Senate, which has become standard procedure during the Johnson Administration, offended not only Fulbright, Church, Gruening, McGovern, McCarthy, Kennedy and other oppositionists, but perturbed Senators of varying views. Thruston Morton, a dead-center Republican and supporter of the Administration's Vietnamese policy, spoke angrily of "verbal overkill" and asserted that more and more people were beginning to think that Westmoreland was there to stop debate rather than to illuminate the problems the country faces. Senator Percy complained of the bombing of the MIG bases which Westmoreland had applauded. The most intense flak came from Sen. Mark Hatfield, also a Republican, who accused the Administration of "political blackmail" and "vicious attempts" to "gag the voices of opposition by impugning their patriotism."

(3) The Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, general sec-

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retary of the 400-million-member World Council of Churches, raised another of those questions that General Westmoreland was not eager to answer. ". . . when the swamps of the Mekong Delta are filled up with dead Vietnamese," said Dr. Blake, "and when the flower of our youth lies dead with them, what victory will have been won?" Such a question no general has ever answered. Again on the political side, the Senate Republican Policy Committee's "white paper," which so perturbed Senator Dirksen, set the stage for a future assault on the Johnson Administration's policy in Vietnam.

(4) Walter Lippmann pointed out that there had never been a need to rally the American people to a war in which they believed. The reason for the current doubts and apathy is that this is a misbegotten war, militarily as well as morally, and no amount of sophistry, with whatever stage trappings, can change the fact.

The President's subsequent speech, defending the right to dissent while still saying, in effect, that the dissenters risk killing American soldiers, shows that the effort to stampede the opposition fell flat. The most absurd proposition of all, in which Mr. Johnson was joined by Hubert Humphrey, is that the Administration is being abused, that its right of rejoinder is in jeopardy. Both the President and the Vice President verge on logorrhea in their ceaseless defense of the war. The press and the networks cooperate with them to the fullest extent. Every facility is at their disposal and they have taken maximum advantage of every means. But none of it avails, and they ascribe their failure to every cause but the real one—that this is the wrong war, in the wrong place, for the wrong reason.

In its nature, it is a political war, and it will never be won—neither militarily with the additional 150,000 men Westmoreland is now demanding, nor by any degree of propaganda bludgeoning at home. That is the lesson of the General's visit. Whatever advantage the Administration gained will be swamped by the troubles to come.

Message to Mao

Jack Bell has covered Washington for the Associated Press since 1937 and long since has established himself as an astute observer and commentator. His book, *The Johnson Treatment* (Harper & Row, 1965), contains a prescient forecast of the troubles which the personality of Lyndon Baines Johnson was to bring on the United States and the world. The political mentality of Johnson, as any other American President, is by no means the sole determinant in the affairs of nations, but Bell's account leaves little doubt that the accession to the Presidency of a politician of Johnson's temperament was one of the more malign accidents of fate.

In October, 1964, less than a year after Kennedy's assassination, the Chinese exploded their first nuclear device. In a telecast, Johnson discussed this event and

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the almost simultaneous dismissal of Nikita Khrushchev. Bell contends that on this occasion Johnson made it clear that he intended to be a "strong President," making foreign policy on his own and "without interference from critics in Congress." Shunning consultation with Senators who had been his colleagues and whose competence in foreign affairs far exceeded his own, Johnson announced: "The nations which do not seek nuclear weapons can be sure that if they need our strong support against some threat of nuclear blackmail, they will have it." Thus India, Pakistan and Japan, in particular, were put on notice that the United States expected them to stand up against any future Chinese nuclear threat; in return, they could expect shelter under the U.S. nuclear umbrella.

An aspect of this commitment which Bell does not mention is that it was bound to reproduce in China's neighbors the same doubts that had long tormented our allies in NATO. Would the United States expose its homeland to the perils of an ICBM exchange with a China that had become a major nuclear power, over an issue which in itself had only local Asian significance? Would an American President in the seventies honor the commitment made by President Johnson in the sixties?

Misgivings on this score would be allayed in considerable measure if Johnson maintained, and bequeathed to his successor, a hard line against the Chinese Reds and their allies. Johnson has not failed to give such assurance. He has carried out the hard line in defiance not only of the Chinese but of Congressional critics and all who dissented from his policy of massive military intervention in Southeast Asia.

While protesting his ardent desire for peace, Johnson has seized every opportunity to widen and intensify the war against Vietnam—and China. His actions leave no doubt that his objective is total victory over the Vietnamese, and the abject humiliation of the Chinese. His snare has been to give the North Vietnamese one chance after another to come to the conference table, provided they came as the Japanese came to the *Missouri* at the end of World War II. Every time the enemy has refused, he has been treated to a bigger dose of bombing and burning. The message will not be lost on the National Liberation Front, the North Vietnamese, the Chinese and, incidentally, the Russians.

But the basic problem is not solved. In Bell's view, Johnson is acting to "neutralize" the threat to world peace posed by Mao Tse-tung and his "equally paranoid" associates. But the threat is not being neutralized, it is being exacerbated. The Mao faction, which was on the verge of eclipse when Johnson decided on a major war in Southeast Asia, is now well on the way to purging the anti-Mao moderates. The only manner in which Johnson can actually "neutralize" the Chinese nuclear threat is to bomb the Chinese nuclear plants at the first pretext afforded by the Vietnamese War. This may well be his purpose. If so, it may prove to be only a temporary solution, unless he can "neutralize" 700 million Chinese in the aftermath.

"As he marched down the corridors of the years ahead of him," Jack Bell writes, "it would be Lyndon Baines Johnson's destiny to preside over a peaceful reorganization of the world's power structure, or over the dissolution of civilization." If the President has any design for the former, it is obscured by the U.S. bombings. The more likely outcome is the "dissolution of civilization."

Science Versus Spectaculars

Sir Bernard Lovell is professor of radio astronomy at the University of Manchester and director of the famed Jodrell Bank Observatory. He is also one of the most thoughtful of scientists, as he proved once more in an interview with David Perlman, the science corresponden of the *San Francisco Chronicle* (April 24). The two central problems of astronomy, Sir Bernard pointed out are to understand our solar system, a tiny speck in the universe, and to grasp the universe as a whole—if man can ever encompass it in its totality. From the standpoint of science the solar system is no more than a local environment, while the great questions center around the origin, nature and dynamics of the universe. Yet astronomical science is starved, while billions are spent annually on attempts to land men on the moon. This is the space version of anthropocentricity.

Sir Bernard, and the equally famous theoretical astronomer Fred Hoyle, deplore the lack of large telescopes, both optical and radio; Hoyle points out that the scarcity is especially handicapping in the Southern Hemisphere, which offers sites superior for some purposes to those available in Europe and North America. The cost range of major installations of this kind is $10 million to $20 million apiece, or just about what our National Aeronautics and Space Agency spends in a single day. Double this amount to include the parallel expenditures of the Soviet space efforts, and the shabby treatment accorded to astronomical science in both countries becomes evident. It is true that last year NASA sent up an orbiting astronomical observatory at a cost of about $60 million, but the telescope failed to work and not a single observation was obtained. Astronomers are generally agreed that in the foreseeable future earth-based telescopes will continue to be the principal source of information about the universe; in this instance, the funds which might have bought three 200-inch optical telescopes were wasted.

Sir Bernard does not decry the valuable results that space exploration has yielded in the sun-moon-earth environment. We know far more about the emanations from the sun, the radiation bands girdling the earth, and the surface of the moon than we did before the era of man-made satellites. He gives more credit to the United States than to the Soviet Union in this respect, and indeed

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our lead in instrumentation and electronics, and their utilization in space, should offset some of the criticism that is now being heaped on NASA and its contractors. But the fact remains that the bulk of the available funds, in both the Soviet Union and the United States, is going into a contest of money and might based, in Sir Bernard's words, "on extraneous political and military requirements." In the perspective of history, it will not make the slightest difference whether a man lands on the moon in 1969 or 1972, or whether he wears a Russian or an American uniform. What will be of significance is the further accumulation of knowledge of the kind that Galileo and Newton, Kepler and Einstein contributed when men only dreamed of venturing into space.

Salisbury in '68

Not that they deserve it, but the establishmentarians who control the distribution of Pulitzer Prizes may get a chance to redeem themselves for having withheld the award that the journalism jury so properly, indeed—almost inevitably—bestowed on Harrison E. Salisbury. It happens that his series from North Vietnam was published in *The New York Times* from late in December, 1966, until well into January, 1967; it is thus as eligible for consideration in 1968 as it was in 1967. The *Times* should certainly resubmit the material, and the press of the country, supporting one of its most distinguished members, should demand in advance that this time there be no tampering with the jury's decision.

This sort of thing has happened before, and in broader perspective candidates for the various professional Pulitzer juries should in future refuse to serve if their decisions are to be subject to bureaucratic review. It is absurd to submit a man's work to a jury of his peers, only to have their opinion cast out by men who know little and care less about professional criteria, but who are set trembling by every draft in this windy nation.

The Judge and the Agitator

When the domestic history of the cold war is written—if it ever is—a section should be reserved for the depressing story of the way in which federal judges who presided with exceptional severity at successful Smith Act prosecutions and similar cases were uniformly promoted, just as the prosecutors, in these same cases, were with equal uniformity rewarded with judicial appointments. To underscore the pattern, future historians should then tell the story of what happened to Delbert E. Metzger, who died April 24 in Honolulu. Once the danger of invasion had passed, Judge Metzger decided that martial law, which had been in effect in the islands since December 7, 1941, should be lifted and he so ruled on March 31, 1944. The military disagreed but Judge Metzger did not hesitate to impose a $5,000 fine against General Richardson, who had refused to honor a writ of *habeas corpus* based on the ruling.

Prior to statehood, federal judges in the islands were appointed not for life but for specific terms. Judge Metzger's term had expired on September 28, 1951, and —as punishment for his defiance of the military—he had not been reappointed although he continued to serve. But the delicate position in which he found himself did not deter him from reducing the bail of seven Smith Act defendants from $75,000 each—demanded by the U. S. District Attorney—to $5,000 each. In reducing the bail, Judge Metzger said he had always understood that bail was not intended as a form of punishment. The ruling was promptly denounced as "outrageous" by Senator O'Mahoney, who then chaired the committee having jurisdiction of island affairs, by Senator McCarran of the Judiciary Committee, and by J. Howard McGrath who was then Attorney General. This imposing trio went further and made it quite clear that Judge Metzger would not be reappointed. But so much support flowed to him—the Hawaiian Bar Association gave him an overwhelming endorsement—that President Truman felt it expedient to wait until the protest had abated before announcing that Metzger would not be reappointed (see editorials in *The Nation* September 15, 1951, and December 29, 1951).

At a later date, Judge Metzger wrote two articles for *The Nation* that should be required reading for future historians of the domestic cold war: "No Longer a Judge: An Ex-Jurist Tells Why," July 18, 1953; and "Duty of the Lawyer: Defense of Heresy," May 1, 1954, in which he wrote: "Let us not permit the silencing of the courageous few who speak out against oppression. Let us rather join them to drive back into history this new age of the informer and the demagogue and restore our great legal tradition."

Aldino Felicani, who died in Boston the same week as Judge Metzger, was an Italian immigrant who came to this country in 1914 and settled in Cleveland where he edited an anarchist journal. Later he moved to Boston and joined the staff of *La Notizia*, an Italian-language newspaper. On the day following the arrests of Sacco and Vanzetti on May 5, 1920, Felicani founded the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee and served as its treasurer from then until 1931. During this period he edited *L'Agitazione*, an Italian-language publication devoted to news about the case, which circulated throughout the world and was translated into many languages. He also edited, with Mary Donovan and Gardner Jackson, the official bulletin of the defense committee. A notably honest man, Felicani was as devoted to his principles as Judge Metzger was to his and, in some respects, the principles were the same. When the test came for him as it did for Judge Metzger, Aldino Felicani, an anarchist and a pacifist, exhibited a devotion to the safeguards of individual freedom that should have shamed (but didn't) the bench and bar of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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REUTHER VS. MEANY

Background to Labor's Showdown

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

Detroit

The storms engulfing the major collective bargaining issues of 1967 provide a suitable backdrop for, and in part explain, the determination of Walter P. Reuther, the Auto Workers' union president, to challenge the domination of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, over the American trade union movement. Current turbulence in the trucking, railroad, rubber and auto industries is at a pitch unprecedented since the early post-World War II strike wave. It seems a long time ago and yet it was just last year that so-called labor experts and government officials were arguing that unions should restrict their demands for wage gains to the guideline rule of 3.2 per cent annually. Today, participants in the major negotiations are puzzled how to mollify the rank and file with gains approaching 5 to 6 per cent.

Signs of the new mood in labor's ranks, which began to appear in the 1966 wage settlements, abound everywhere. Just a few weeks ago white-collar workers carried out a successful radio and television strike on a national scale. Symbolic of the new feelings in America was the sight of Hugh Downs, a popular TV personality, walking a picket line which prominent national figures like David Brinkley and Walter Cronkite respected as members of the striking union. A recent Harris poll reported that 77 per cent of the American public supported labor's right to strike. And the frustrations and escalations, as well as the inflationary impact of the war in Vietnam, have stirred uneasy feelings everywhere in American society, including the collective bargaining front.

It is probable that only some form of compulsory arbitration dictated by Congressional pressure or legislation will prevent a nation-wide railroad strike. The unions had voted to go out on April 13, but special legislation delayed the strike to May 3 and then to June 19. Settlement must be attempted in the face of mounting rank-and-file pressure against accepting a 5 per cent increase.

Three of the four major rubber companies in the United States have been shut down by a national strike; the new union leadership, backed by the UAW, is determined to win far more substantial gains than the rubber companies had assumed would be enough to bring labor peace. Latest returns from the vote of the Teamsters indicate that the rank and file may reject the recently negotiated nation-wide agreement. In Chicago, a strike by a segment of the drivers has provoked an area-wide lockout, thereby indicating that the trucking industry does not yet grasp the effects of its recent nation-wide lockout during contract negotiations. It exploded dissatisfaction about the modest gains achieved in national negotiations into a flaming revolt.

James Hoffa's home local 299 in Detroit rejected the pact, and that was a serious setback to Frank Fitzsimmons, acting president of the union and chief negotiator in Hoffa's absence. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convince the Teamsters' rank and file that they would not have gotten more "if Jimmy had been there." Now the monolithic leadership pattern is broken up, and settling problems in the trucking industry will be a far more complex undertaking.

The economic prosperity, high profits and inflationary pressures behind the upsurge within the trade unions will be felt with particular force when contract negotiations come up in September between the UAW and General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. The persistent skilled-trades unrest in the auto industry constitutes a potential threat and a challenge which Reuther skillfully utilized at a national skilled-trades meeting and the special UAW convention in April.

Seldom has the union movement seen as impressive a demonstration of solidarity as the 1.5-million-member UAW displayed. Reuther received a free hand in bargaining for a variety of demands with the industry and in pursuing the UAW's strained relations with the AFL-CIO. The convention's 3,000 delegates were reminders to the auto industry of the calculations it will have to make in arriving at the price of labor peace in this rich industry which has never had to use the argument that it could not afford to pay the package demanded by the union.

The UAW convention also provided Reuther with a national forum to outline a devastating indictment of the leadership of George Meany and his docile majority of the AFL-CIO council. Not since John L. Lewis excoriated William Green and the AFL council in the 1930s has a major union leader delivered such a commentary on his colleagues in labor's hierarchy. The standing ovation given Reuther at the conclusion of his philippic suggests that the UAW's secondary leaders did not need much convincing. But important as Reuther's analysis of the AFL-CIO may be, the significant event for him in the next few months will be the outcome of the 1967 auto negotiations.

Because the auto industry is the most profitable in our economy, because there is a skilled-trades shortage and the economic outlook for the latter half of 1967 is bullish, conditions are favorable for Reuther to obtain the greatest gains of any contract in the past decade. It is by his role as a successful union negotiator that he expects to attract many secondary and higher officials to his way of thinking about the general problems of the union movement. Although many commentators felt that Reuther was losing his touch when the Mansfield (Ohio) local went on a wildcat strike and almost shut down the General Motors empire, the fact is that the incident gave Reuther an opportunity to solidify the union ranks behind his leadership and to show the industry, if it needed an example, what tactics the UAW could employ to win substantial

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gains. For General Motors, of course, the wildcat strike wasn't an unhappy event either since it enabled the company to reduce excessive car inventories without unpleasant layoffs.

An interesting piece of strategy has already been outlined in the talk about a possible auto shutdown this fall. Reuther pointed out that if there were any strike against GM it would be selective, because GM supplies parts to other car, truck and farm implements makers. In the national interest, the UAW would also avoid striking any GM plant involved in defense production. "I take the position that, if we protect defense production, no one can make a national emergency out of the fact that somebody driving a 1967 Cadillac is in an emergency situation because he can't get his 1968 Cadillac for a few months."

Industry's reaction to Reuther's views was reported in *The Wall Street Journal*:

> By coincidence, James Roche, president of GM, called for "equitable agreements peacefully arrived at" in a Janesville, Wis., speech shortly after Mr. Reuther's convention comments. Mr. Roche said that the economy would be hurt by auto strikes next fall but that a peaceful settlement "could do wonders in strengthening public confidence in the future. It would be a breath of fresh air—a powerful and positive stimulus toward the scale of economic progress which we need to maintain this nation's leadership against growing and impressive foreign competition."
>
> Asked afterward about Mr. Reuther's selective-strike comments, Mr. Roche said that even a selective strike would close down GM and he cited recent walkouts at GM's Mansfield, O., parts plant as an example (it turned off most of GM's auto production for several days).

Although everyone in Detroit labor circles predicts a fall strike, the flexible approach which Reuther adopted at the special convention has given both management and labor far more elbow room in seeking an amicable agreement this summer. Reuther has dropped the idea of placing blue-collar workers on salary as a high priority item; instead, the UAW's three main goals are substantial pay increases, guaranteed annual income for all workers and elimination of the 43c-an-hour differential between United States and Canadian auto wages.

Until that special April convention of the UAW, many union leaders misjudged the significance of the decision by Reuther and his colleagues to resign from all posts in the AFL-CIO.

> The UAW decision to have its officers resign from their posts in the AFL-CIO does not mean that the UAW is running from a fight. To run away from a fight on program, policy and principle would be incompatible with the whole tradition and history of the UAW. We are choosing rather to make the fight for sound programs, policies and principles in the broad arena of the whole labor movement and not within the narrow, private and exclusive structure of the AFL-CIO.

So states the policy letter that the UAW mailed, along with floods of other material, to broad sections of the union leadership in America.

Walter P. Reuther

In brief form, the UAW indictment of the AFL-CIO hierarchy is as follows: (a) the AFL-CIO as a federation has failed to do the job for which it was created; (b) the AFL-CIO has become stagnant; (c) it has too much of a banker's mentality; (d) it drags its feet on the civil rights struggle, and (e) its stature in society is damaged, with only Madison Avenue hucksters rating lower in popular dislike. Those are just the main points Reuther made in his lengthy indictment which the UAW delegates cheered.

Once the September bargaining is over, the UAW leadership will seek a meeting with the AFL-CIO council to hammer home this bill of particulars and to propose radical reforms in the parent body. Besides the ordinary trade union programs like coordinated organizing drives, a new feature will be introduced. The UAW is proposing that the AFL-CIO create a Public Review Board similar to the one functioning in the auto union—an independent body given power to reverse union decisions taken against rank and filers (in many cases dissenters). This would replace the so-called Ethical Practices Code and Committee of the AFL-CIO, whose functioning has been on a par with the surroundings in which its provisions were accepted. "We adopted them in the Roulette Room of the Monte Carlo Hotel in Miami Beach," Reuther pointed out. One can scarcely imagine the painters, carpenters or operating engineers unions accepting anything even resembling a Supreme Court available to critics.

Unless there is a far greater spirit of adjustment on the part of George Meany than any current evidence suggests, there is little chance of avoiding a complete split between the UAW and the AFL-CIO. In almost every phase of union activity, as well as public and international work, the Meany forces, while retaining total con-

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trol of the federation, have lost ground and progressively isolated themselves from new streams of social forces stirring in the country.

In the area of civil rights, the Meany group is busy defending the dismal record of the building trades; while the UAW begins a campaign to organize the poor in the ghettos, and keeps close liaison with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., including a new development wherein King and Joseph Rauh, Jr., UAW counsel in Washington, have announced a new group seeking international peace.

Reports from abroad, confirmed by visiting foreign trade unionists, indicate that the recent disclosure of ties between the CIA and some AFL-CIO unions has further damaged Meany's already low reputation in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Victor Reuther's bitter allegations of CIA connections were substantiated by the exposés, even though the AFL-CIO and George Meany have denied the charges.

Early in April the UAW won a significant victory over the hard-line policies of Meany when five high-level Russian union leaders were brought to this country with the approval of the State Department to meet with UAW leaders—a visit that had been blocked last June because of the objections of Meany and Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO international affairs director. Because the UAW has not been tarred with the CIA brush, and because of its criticism of Meany's hard policy in Vietnam, it is presently enjoying a close rapport with most leaders of the West European trade union movement, and its world auto workers' councils seem likely to become a permanent organization. This provides Reuther with an independent base for international activities. The two most important and largest unions in America, the Teamsters and the Auto Workers, whose membership consists of about 20 per cent of the entire union membership in the country, are now independent of the influence and direction of George Meany. That makes him something less than the spokesman for American labor he has always assumed himself to be.

By the time the next AFL-CIO convention takes place in December, the main events on the collective bargaining program will be over, the arguments and the debates about UAW's criticisms of the AFL-CIO will have engaged the entire union movement, and the gestures of conciliation or repudiation will have made their effect. Almost the only thing certain now about that year-end gathering is that the UAW isn't going to accept the American Legion type of convention that was staged two years ago in San Francisco, with the self-praise and iron grip of George Meany dominating the proceedings. In that sense, the days of the AFL-CIO as the strong arm of the *status quo* in America are numbered.

GOVERNOR KIRK'S PRIVATE EYES

FRED J. COOK
Mr. Cook is the author of many important articles for The Nation.

Miami

Gov. Claude Roy Kirk, Jr., of Florida, is a tall, beefy, big-business type with a mentality to match. His political and social convictions are of the sort that have sent witch hunters storming up and down the country in recent years, spotting Communists under every throw rug. But last fall Claude Kirk—sometimes called, not without reason, "Kissing Claude," and more recently dubbed by the Florida press "Governor à Go-Go"—discovered a menace better than communism. Crime. Mounting a white purity charger, Claude Kirk rode hard in the lists, and a grass-roots revulsion against crime made him the state's first Republican governor since Reconstruction.

The event was significant far beyond the borders of Florida, for signs multiply that large segments of the American electorate are becoming fed up with crime and are ready to take matters into their own hands. The mood of the vigilante threatens to become the mood of the nation.

In Detroit in early January, some 200 grocers, victimized by a series of holdups, banded together for instruction in the use of firearms—and since then they have gunned down five stick-up men. West Side Chicago merchants formed their own protection groups to prevent the looting of their stores during the blizzards of late January. In Dallas, sporting-goods stores have been practically denuded of a choice item, a .25 caliber pistol that takes up about the same space as a king-sized pack of cigarettes, and fits neatly into a purse.

The greatest outbreak of crime-busting passion occurred, however, in Orlando, Fla. The city was rocked last fall by a series of rapes in beauty parlors, motels and apartments, some taking place practically on the street at high noon. Hand-gun sales promptly zoomed to 200 and 300 a week, and soon startled policemen on patrol were being approached by pistol-packing mamas who wanted to know how to load and fire their newly acquired artillery. Fearing that these armed amateurs might blow off their own heads or hands, the police set up a free instructional course in the proper use of firearms. They anticipated an attendance of about 150 women, but 2,400 stormed the classroom.

Such are some of the manifestations of a mood that seems to be sweeping the nation, and astute politicians, with Governor Kirk in the van, may be expected to heed that old American cry, DO SOMETHING QUICK. The form this action takes will be all-important. Governor Kirk's solution has been to go outside the established agencies of the law and hire George A. Wackenhut's army of private detectives for a much ballyhooed "crusade" to root out crime in Florida. Other governors of right-wing persuasion have been toying with similar ideas. Gov. Ronald Reagan has wondered out loud about the possibility of setting up a private crime-fighting foundation,

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and Gov. Lester Maddox has commented that he hopes to "uphold the moral status" of Georgians by getting private citizens involved in a campaign against crime.

There is in all this a curious and dangerous ambivalence on the part of a long indifferent American public toward the problem that now so concerns it. The reality of a criminal underworld whose income in billions of dollars dwarfs that of the Detroit motor industry has been pointed out many times—and Americans, on the whole, couldn't care less. They have still wanted to play the numbers, bet on the horses with the bookie, borrow money from the loan shark, get their fix from the narcotics pusher, or pick up a phone and obtain the obliging services of a call girl—all indulgences that pour fantastic billions into the treasury of organized crime.

Now, at a ludicrously late hour, with the evils of an undermined law and ethic boiling out in overt, individual assault, a lot of Americans are becoming piously horrified at the ogreish aspects of their society.

The dangers implicit in using devious means for laudable purposes, the hazards inseparable from putting the power of the law into hands not accountable to any structure of law, do not disturb the suddenly panicked. What happens and what may be expected to happen is most vividly demonstrated in Florida, where the new "Governor à Go-Go," to the heady sound of public applause, has by-passed all the legally constituted agencies of law enforcement and organized his own private constabulary.

The general election of 1966, which in effect turned Florida into a two-party state, was marked by the spectacle of knights swapping horses in the middle of the joust. At the start, Robert King High, the Mayor of Miami, campaigned furiously for the Democratic nomination so mistakenly believed to be tantamount to election. An underdog, High made a big issue of crime and corruption; evidently touching a responsive chord, he became his party's designee. Then, apparently believing he could coast, he muted the issue in the general election campaign. Kirk picked up the fallen banner, and rode with it into the Governor's mansion in Tallahassee.

Kirk was a get-rich-quick product of Florida's booming economy. He had founded an insurance company in Jacksonville, amassed a personal fortune, and then gone into the brokerage business, purchasing a Florida partnership in Hayden Stone. Politically, he had been conspicuous for his right-wing leanings. He and Wackenhut, a one-time FBI employee, joined forces for an unsuccessful 1964 campaign to unseat Sen. Spessard L. Holland, a mild-mannered Democrat of quite conservative persuasion. They barnstormed the state, accusing Holland of being "ultra-liberal," but Florida voters knew better. In 1966, Wackenhut and Kirk again joined forces, backing Barry Goldwater for President.

Wackenhut, now the Governor's private eye, is a powerfully built man, about 6 feet tall, with the bulk of a professional wrestler, steel-trap lips and a cleft, granite-looking chin. When he sweeps into one of the numerous Wackenhut offices on a whirlwind meet-the-boys tour, he crushes hands right and left in his powerful grip, exudes inspirational phrases, and departs after delivering to each loyal employee a disabling thwack across the shoulders. Wackenhut keeps in the kind of trim that enables him to stage such boisterous performances by eschewing smoking and drinking and running a mile every other night.

"He thinks with his muscles," a former aide says of Wackenhut, but there can be little question of his astuteness where the main chance is concerned. He spent just three years in the FBI, not as an investigator but as a physical education instructor. Nevertheless, when he left the bureau in 1954, he parlayed the image of FBI supersleuth into a private detective business that is now the third largest in the nation, ranked right behind Pinkerton and Burns. This spectacular growth is attributable to just one factor—Wackenhut's way with federal contracts.

The early years were hard. When Wackenhut set up his private-eye business in the Miami area, he had three ex-FBI men for partners, but they dropped out one by one and Wackenhut struggled along, sometimes on an income of no more than $9,000 a year. Then, in 1960, he mined the mother lode. In that year, the law firm of Sen. George A. Smathers, a conservative Florida Democrat, wangled a way around the law for the benefit of the Wackenhut pocketbook. Federal bureaus are forbidden by statute from hiring private detective agencies, but Smathers' firm neatly solved this difficulty by splitting the Wackenhut Corporation like the amoeba—one part for investigation; a second, housed in a subsidiary corporation, for guard and security duties.

Once this Smathers legerdemain had been performed, federal agencies seemed to become fascinated by the previously little-known Wackenhut Corporation. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission and other federal enclaves poured millions of dollars into Wackenhut's lap to protect them from subversion and intrusion. A public peek at the size of this bonanza was furnished in April, 1966, when blocs of the privately held Wackenhut stock were placed on the market. The prospectus showed that Wackenhut had done $17,755,514 worth of business in 1965. About 95 per cent of sales came from guard activities, and 38 per cent of total sales derived from direct contracts with the federal government or subcontracts for the protection of government installations. From this public offering of stock, Wackenhut cleaned up an estimated $1.3 million in capital gains—and still retained ironclad voting control over his corporation.

Such was the state of Wackenhut affairs when, on January 3, 1967, Governor Kirk announced that he was going to conduct his own war on crime. The battle was also to be privately financed, Kirk's big-business friends and associates pledging hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was to be masterminded by the Governor's good friend, George R. Wackenhut. Even as the news broke, a significant detail emphasized the close rapport between the new Governor and his chosen investigator. One of the less publicized biographical details of the Florida gubernatorial campaign had been the fact that Kirk had been twice divorced by his first wife, who had uncharitably accused him of gallivanting with others throughout the course of their two marriages. Even many knowledgeable Florida voters had not been aware of the

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Kirk divorces and their background, and virtually none suspected that he had already picked his wife's successor, a blonde German-born divorcée, Erika Mattfeld, then in the process of being liberated from a wealthy Brazilian. So it came as something of a shock when, in the midst of the first controversy over the new Governor's private war on crime, it was disclosed that he and blonde Erika were off on a little pre-honeymoon cruise, with Wackenhut for chaperone, on Wackenhut's yacht, aptly named the *Security Risk*.

The Kirk-Wackenhut design for a crime crusade that would by-pass established agencies of the law caused instant alarm. Democrats in Florida feared that the Governor's political enemies, not the underworld moguls who have infested the state for decades, would be the prime targets of the new private police force; and far beyond the borders of Florida, other Democratic leaders viewed with alarm. Sen. Edward V. Long (D., Mo.) declared in a speech made in Boston: "This is the way the Gestapo and the secret police operate." And Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) lashed out in Congress on February 23 at "the alarming trend in this country toward the use of police state tactics." Citing a number of examples, he denounced especially "the secret, reprehensible tactics" being employed in Florida, and argued that when investigators are given extralegal authority, "then the people given these special, secret powers become a kind of new government all their own."

Governor Kirk counterattacked. Only newspapers and Democratic politicians viewed with alarm, he said; "the people don't have any criticism." Samplings of public opinion indicated he was right; the public in Florida, almost to a man, wanted "something done" about crime.

Playing up to these aroused expectations, Kirk and Wackenhut began an operation that, at least in its opening round, was more farce than menace. Hank Messick, a veteran and dedicated crime reporter, has since given an insider's view of what he has termed "a cruel hoax." Now 44 years old, Messick won his journalistic spurs exposing the underworld in Newport and Covington, Ky. Financed by two $25,000 grants from the Ford Foundation, he pursued his researches into big-league crime (an endeavor that produced a recent book, *The Silent Syndicate*), then signed a contract with the *Miami Herald* to search out the mob in Florida.

"Wackenhut certainly sold me," Messick says now, with a rueful shake of the head. "I'm convinced he could sell anybody anything. He certainly had me believing that this was going to be the greatest thing that had ever happened."

Disillusionment set in almost at once. When he reported for work right after the New Year, Messick found there was no office for the anti-crime unit and precious few investigators. A small private office just about large enough to accommodate one desk and a telephone was cleared out and, says Messick, "the three or four of us engaged on the project had to stand around waiting turns to use that one line."

Messick thought at first that this was just the inevitable shakedown difficulties any new endeavor would encounter, but time passed and matters failed to improve. Messick couldn't get a secretary. When he and his best undercover man had worked up a memorandum on *bolita* (the big Cuban-oriented numbers game that is the rage in Miami), he would have to hunt around for the loan of a stenographer. She would often be snowed under with other work, and it might be a week before the memo got typed. By that time, the location of the game might have changed. Few new investigators were added to the great crime drive, and all of these were on a rigid forty-hour week. "Can you imagine fighting crime on forty hours a week?" Messick asks.

Wackenhut, he says, had been eager to have him bring down his files containing all the background details he had amassed during the years of his Ford Foundation and *Miami Herald* sleuthings, and Messick says he told Wackenhut in essence: "All right, get me a filing cabinet and I'll bring down my files and you can copy them." But even so he couldn't get a filing cabinet and his files remained at home.

Then, toward the end of January, Governor Kirk announced that he was coming to Miami and would drop in at the Wackenhut headquarters in Coral Gables to inspect his crime-fighting forces. The announcement, Messick says, caused a near panic. A large room was cleared out, desks were moved in, telephones hooked up. Paint was dashed on the walls. "Literally," Messick says, "it hadn't had time to dry; it was still damp in places when the Governor arrived."

Files were urgently needed (especially since Wackenhut had been telling the Governor and the public that the great crime drive was costing $1,000 a day), and so at last a filing cabinet was procured. Messick brought down some file folders and placed them in the cabinet. "They filled up maybe a third of the cabinet," he recalls. This didn't seem too impressive for a $1,000-a-day operation, so a second filing cabinet, empty, was moved in alongside the first one, and an iron bar that could be removed only by manipulating a combination lock was placed across the two cabinets as if to insure the safety of their ultra-secret contents.

Kirk arrived. Oblivious of hoax, he gave the boys a short pep talk, the essence of which was that if the bastards didn't impeach him or get him first, they were all going to be in the crime-fighting business for a long time—and they were going to clean up Florida. "These FBI types," Messick says, "stood around afterwards murmuring admiringly, 'My, he's a fine man, isn't he? What a fine man!' "

Things were no better after the Governor's inspection, though by the middle of February the staff had been increased to some eight investigators. "You wouldn't believe some of the types they hired," says an informant who was then connected with the operation. "It would take some of these birds a week to find Flagler Street."

At this point, Messick quit in disgust. "The Governor is hoaxing the public, and Wackenhut is hoaxing the Governor," he said. In the seven weeks he had been with the "Keystone cops," as he called the Wackenhuts, the most notable achievement had been the nailing down of charges against a county superintendent of schools.

The superintendent was Woodrow A. Darden, of Titusville, in Brevard County. The crime drive had just been

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announced, Messick recalls, when a telephone call came in from Orlando, tipping the Wackencops, as they are sometimes called, that Darden had in his possession a washing machine and drier purchased with school funds. *Today,* a Brevard County newspaper, had built the case against Darden. "The information was all there," Messick recalls. "It was just a question of confirming it. The only problem was we didn't have any investigator to send."

Finally, a live body was scrounged up from one of the Wackenhut outposts and dispatched to Orlando. Just how this operative, James White, handled the assignment later became a matter of dispute. Darden and his wife, Jeanette, subsequently filed suit against the Wackenhut Corporation and White, asking damages because White "unlawfully, maliciously, willfully, wantonly and fraudulently" invaded their home without a warrant.

There were suggestive overtones to the case. Darden was not only superintendent of schools in Brevard but also a member of the State Board of Regents, which has jurisdiction over the University of Florida; and Governor Kirk was believed to be eager to wrest control of this board from the Democrats. Therefore, it was important that the charges against Darden be made to stick, but the state's attorney in Brevard, perhaps dubious himself about the manner in which the evidence had been obtained, protested against finding an indictment. At this point, according to Wackenhut sources, Governor Kirk took a hand, storming and raging and demanding Darden's indictment. The indictment was then obtained, and the Governor promptly bounced Darden off the State Board of Regents.

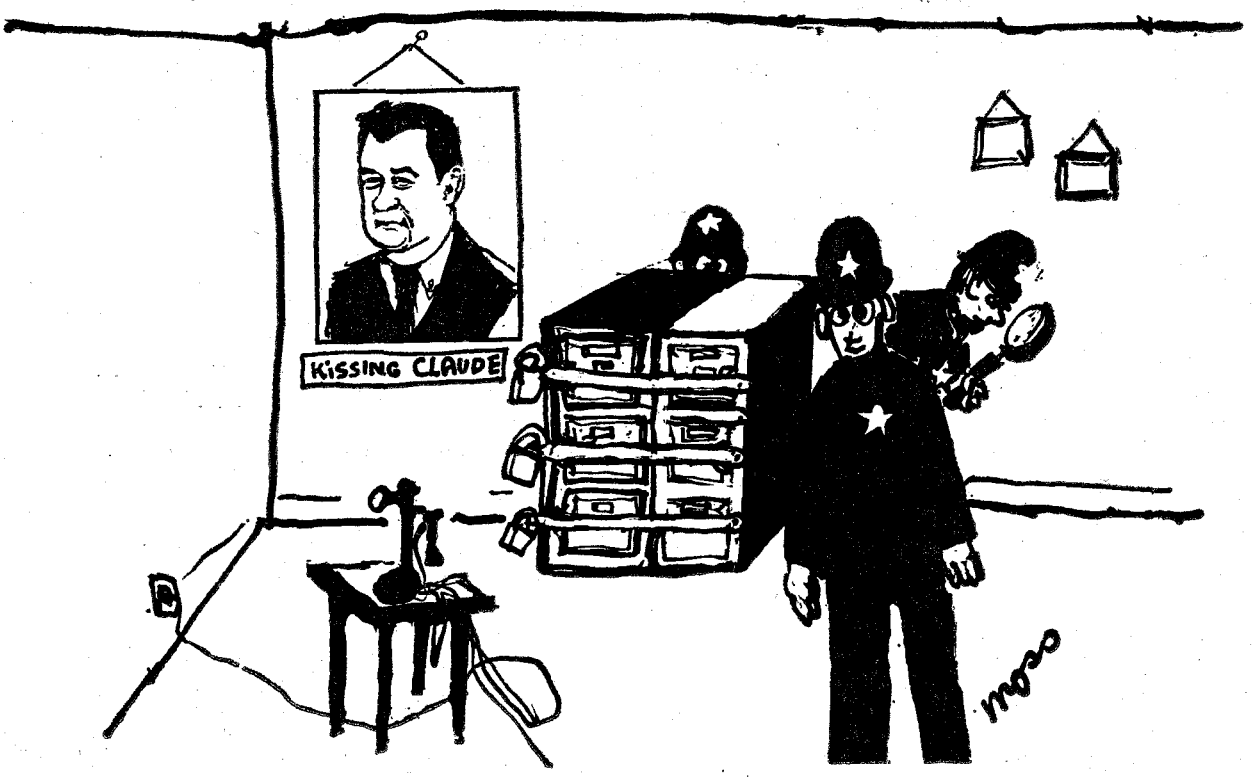
It was the Wackenhuts' first triumph, but what was its significance? "There are a thousand petty situations like this in Florida," Hank Messick says. "But is this really fighting crime?" The question leads to others. Just what is the crime problem in Florida? Just what is needed to combat it?

The simple fact of life is that Florida has been a virtual fief of the syndicate for the last thirty years. No area of the United States, not even Las Vegas, has a greater concentration of hoods in residence, a greater cross-hatching of gangster ties and influence. The New York mob, the Detroit, the Cleveland, the Chicago mobs —all have their stakes here. Florida was the staging point for the great underworld gambling venture in Havana when Batista ran Cuba, and it is now the nerve center for the operation of the new Bahama gambling casinos.

The idea that an army of amateur sleuths can work any overnight miracle against this sort of corruption becomes ludicrous when one considers the massive crime campaign already waged by federal authorities. That endeavor dates back to the earliest days of the regime of Robert F. Kennedy as U. S. Attorney General. Edwin L. Silberling, who headed Kennedy's Organized Crime Group in the Justice Department, kept some forty to fifty experts—Justice Department lawyers, FBI agents, Internal Revenue accountants, customs and narcotics agents—working full time in the Miami area for more than two years. After he left the department, the effort continued. But the results have been minimal.

"This is something that takes a lot of time and a lot of people," says Silberling. "If you go into it with the idea that you are going to get sudden, dramatic results, this is all wrong because you're just not going to get them. The only way is to make an investment, a permanent investment in time and men and money, and then maybe eventually, bit by bit, you'll get somewhere."

The prescription bears scant resemblance to the



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Wackenhut crusade that has aroused such widespread public anticipation in Florida. The whole Wackenhut background, the organization's emphasis and skills, make the present endeavor suspect.

Until Governor Kirk picked him to rid Florida of crime, Wackenhut's organization had exhibited little passion about the crime menace but an enormous energy for the ferreting out of possible subversives. Last year, of 4,100 employees scattered in twenty-eight Wackenhut offices in the continental United States, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia, some 3,800 were engaged in guard work and protective services. The overwhelming emphasis was on the amassing of millions of dossiers. The Wackenhut files are said to contain more than 3 million names of intellectual and political mavericks, and the organization during the past winter purchased one of the largest independent collections of such materials extant—a compilation said, among other things, to contain every name that ever found its way into the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Wackenhut boast is that it has at its command more dossiers than any organization in the country outside the FBI.

The right-wing fixation shows in other ways. One Wackenhut director is Ralph E. Davis, of Los Angeles, a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society. Another is Loyd Wright, a former president of the American Bar Association who praised the Birch Society when he ran against liberal Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel in 1962. Wright is on the national strategy committee of another far-Right outfit, the American Security Council, as is another Wackenhut director, Gen. Mark Clark. Still another member of the Wackenhut board is Edward V. Rickenbacker, retired board chairman of Eastern Airlines and a crusader against the income tax and the United Nations.

The taint of fanaticism, which runs like an insidious thread through the Wackenhut record, raises the fear that political opponents and predetermined evildoers may be hounded, regardless of facts and evidence. The great Wackenhut crime drive is still so new that it is impossible to tell to what degree these fears may be justified, but there are some disturbing indications.

One of these dates back to 1957 when Wackenhut made his first stab at a big crime investigation for the May term Dade County grand jury. John Adams Baker, a Miami businessman who was foreman of that jury, says bluntly: "My impressions were that you couldn't have a sorrier investigator."

Baker had served previously on federal grand juries, had been president of the Grand Jury Association, and had been active in getting the state to pass a law permitting grand juries to hire special counsel to advise them—an act that was to play a prominent part in what was about to happen.

Wackenhut had been engaged by the Miami Beach City Council to make a study of crime and police corruption, and Baker asked Wackenhut if the grand jury might have a copy of his report when it was finished. Wackenhut agreed. Baker informed the grand jury and state's attorney Richard Gerstein, who was directing its deliberations, and he invited Gerstein to send a representative with him to get the report. When Wackenhut learned of this, Baker says, he made "an urgent request" that neither Gerstein nor anyone connected with his office be permitted to see his findings. "This was a bombshell to me," Baker says. "The inference was loud and clear that there was something wrong with the state's attorney's office."

Baker was in the embarrassing position of having to rescind his invitation to Gerstein. When he saw Wackenhut alone, he says, Wackenhut advised him that conditions were terrible; that his Miami Beach probe had opened up important avenues of investigation; that he would pursue these as a special investigator for the grand jury if the jury wished to hire him; and that, if the jury did go ahead, he felt he could assure it sufficient evidence to indict the kingpins of the underworld. But Wackenhut was insistent—"he sat there and he practically had tears in his eyes," Baker says—that Gerstein be kept in the dark, that the grand jury must hire special counsel.

"We were over a barrel," Baker goes on. "We didn't know what to do. Here was this big FBI man, with all the prestige and everything behind him; we couldn't doubt him, and if he was right, we had a tremendously important situation on our hands."

The jury agreed to hire Wackenhut, but hesitated about employing a special counsel. Then, one Sunday night while Baker was sitting at home, his telephone rang, and a lawyer calling from New York introduced himself. He said he had just finished an important case; he understood the grand jury wanted a special counsel; and he was ready to fly back to Miami right away to consult with the jury if it wished.

This was all news to Baker, as the jury hadn't made any such decision, but the lawyer came—and the jury wound up hiring him. "It was completely stupid of us," Baker says now, for the attorney, it turned out, was the private lawyer of Wackenhut. "Nobody could have put themselves more in a strait jacket than we did," Baker continues, "for it is obvious that, if Wackenhut's report turned out to be 95 per cent rumor and comparatively worthless, the last person in the world who might be expected to point out its inadequacies would be Wackenhut's own attorney."

Baker adds: "The next few months were a nightmare to me. I began to wonder: Am I in Dade County? Nazi Berlin? Moscow?

"Wackenhut would more than once call me up at 2 or 3 A.M. and whisper over the phone: 'Jack, this is George. . . . I'm working on something real hot . . . if you don't see me in the morning, well . . . I can't talk too much now.' "

The result of all this cloak-and-dagger work was that Wackenhut produced a 340-page report for a fee of some $2,500. "You read a lot of stuff and you saw really big names mentioned, and you thought to yourself, 'my God, this is awful,' " Baker says. "But then you tried to weed out the hearsay from the facts, and they just didn't have a thing to go on. There wasn't one solid fact on which to base an indictment. There wasn't anything in the report that you couldn't have gotten out of the files of Dan Sullivan's Crime Commission or the newspapers. Any reporter could have written it."

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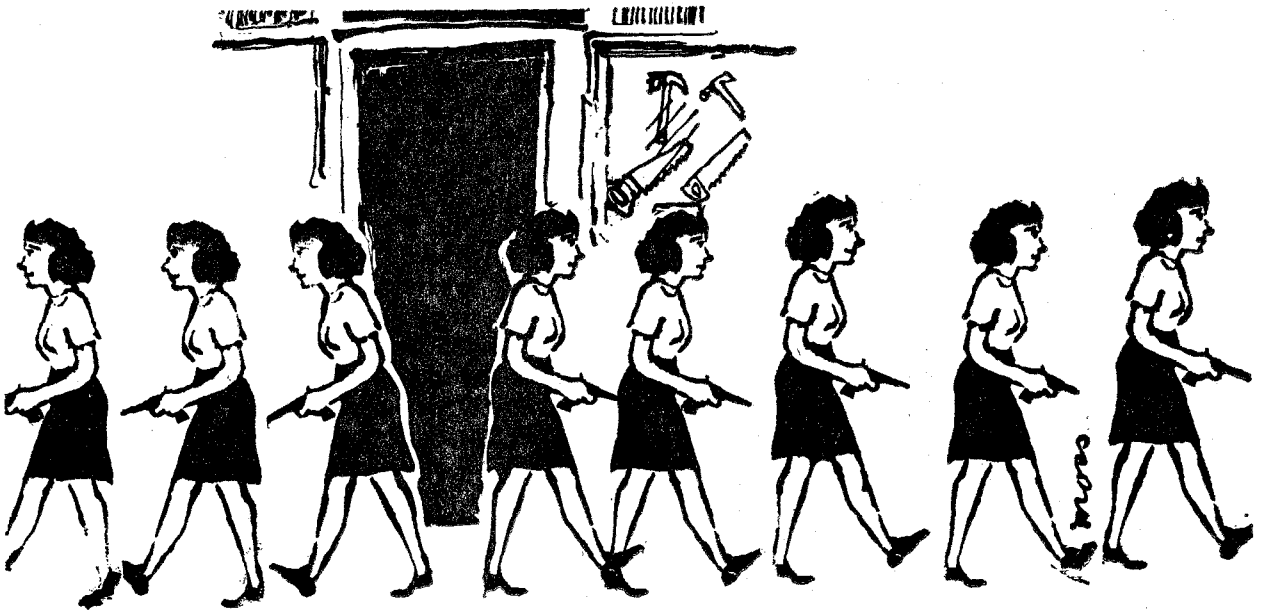

Still the Wackenhuts are riding high, and expectations of mighty achievements are undiminished. Many competent observers are impressed by what they call the "gung-ho" spirit of the outfit, a kind of righteous fanaticism in the pursuit of evil in all its forms. So far, this fierce righteousness seems to have been exhibited more against political adversaries than emperors of the mob. A couple of examples illustrate the spirit—and the cause for worry.

At the end of 1966, when the Administration subcommittee of the House of Representatives was engaged in a rush run-down on the affairs of Adam Clayton Powell, the Wackenhuts were employed to check out Powell's payroll. There were 149 names on the list, and Washington was rife with reports that many of these had been cadged off tombstones. So the Wackenhuts were asked to establish two vital points: Did these people actually exist? And had they performed any work for the government?

Almost immediately there was a backfire that disturbed Rep. Wayne L. Hays (D., O.), chairman of the subcommittee. Reading investigators' reports, Hays discovered that the Wackenhuts apparently had been inquiring into the sleeping arrangements of Powell's entourage in Bimini. Shortly afterward, one of the girls on Powell's staff walked into Hays's office, complaining that the Wackenhuts had been questioning her about her age. There are two versions of Hays's reaction. Members of his committee say that he was incensed, bawled the Wackenhuts out, and ordered them to leave Powell's private life alone and to concentrate on the items that mattered. Hays himself now belittles the whole controversy. He acknowledges that he protested, but he says the Wackenhuts explained that the information was "volunteered" by one of Powell's girls who "thought" this was the kind of information the committee wanted.

A similar kind of puritanical nosiness, especially where a political opponent is concerned, was exhibited shortly afterward in Florida. Hank Messick recalls the day when one of his agents came to him with a set of notes on a yellow pad. A tipster had called in some information about one of the most prominent Florida Democrats, who had gotten himself mixed up with some girls of tarnished virtue during a trip to the Bahamas. Messick was appalled, he says, and went directly to Wackenhut, protesting that the crime unit would be laughed out of Florida if it went chasing every personal peccadillo of this sort. But Wackenhut, according to Messick, was all gung-ho. "We're out to fight crime, all kinds of crime," he quotes Wackenhut as saying.

Other instances reinforce the suspicion that the "crime drive" may be used to cloak other purposes. Florida Secretary of State Thomas B. Adams, a Democrat, has charged bluntly that he and other officials have been trailed by Wackenhut private eyes. Friendly hotel owners have warned him, he says, that the Wackenhuts have asked them to keep a record of his visitors and telephone calls. Richard Gerstein, the state's attorney who was the target of Wackenhut in 1957, remains admittedly one of the major objects of the new crime drive. In all, by early April, sources close to the Wackenhut probe said that 356 investigations had been undertaken—the majority involving public officials.

At least one Republican who had disagreed with Governor Kirk politically has already felt the heat—and, he insists, has paid the penalty. James Gregory, of Fort Lauderdale, a state Senator, states that private detectives began to investigate him before the party primaries in February. They snooped around asking so many questions of his neighbors and political associates, Gregory says, that supporters became suspicious and fell away, and he was defeated for renomination.

The Gregory incident, like the Darden case, is of special significance because both Governor Kirk and Wackenhut have protested that they are not really bypassing established law-enforcement agencies, that they are not really organizing a powerful secret police. They point out that the Wackenhuts have no authority to obtain warrants, to arrest; they can only investigate. The results of their investigations are turned over to properly constituted authorities for action. But as the Darden and

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Gregory incidents would indicate, the power to investigate is itself a potent tool.

Just how far the controversial Wackenhut-Kirk crime war will go, how long it will last, remains problematical. The original ballyhoo pictured a huge fund, raised from private sources, and a campaign that would go on indefinitely. Not until March 22, when Governor Kirk met the Democratic-controlled state cabinet, were the cards laid on the table, the list of actual contributions disclosed. It was then learned that all the Governor had in hand was $8,400—a little more than a week's pay at Wackenhut's rate. Kirk insisted that pledges for some $150,000 would be made good as soon as Internal Revenue ruled that contributions to the crime drive were tax deductible. In the meantime accounts were indisputably in the red.

The Governor suggested that, in this crisis, the state should undertake the financing. His Democratic opponents, figuratively licking their chops, proclaimed that they would be only too happy to begin financing the drive out of a $700,000 state contingency fund. Only, of course, in that event, they would insist that the investigators be regular state employees, operating under regularly constituted authority. Governor Kirk retorted that it was *his* crime war and he intended to retain control of it. And in this impasse the matter rested.

A flood of bills has since been introduced in the Florida legislature to create a state crime commission, or a state police force which Florida does not now have, or a state crime-fighting force under the attorney general. Most political observers agree that, out of the stew, will come some kind of state crime effort, if only for the reason that the public is clamoring for action and there are votes to be garnered. But only wild-eyed optimists think that Florida will be suddenly and sweetly purified.

WHY THE CADETS CHEAT

J. ARTHUR HEISE

Mr. Heise, formerly a faculty staff officer at the Air Force Academy, was more recently a guest lecturer at the Free University of West Berlin. He is now a reporter in Buffalo, N. Y.

Colorado Springs

Official investigations are under way for the second time in two years to determine what causes cheating en masse at the U. S. Air Force Academy. Information independently gathered points to shortcomings in the academic program of the newest service academy as the broad and basic cause of this dishonesty. Interviews with more than a dozen past and present faculty members, plus other material assembled since the biggest cheating scandal in U. S. college history occurred at the Academy in 1965, single out two aspects of the academic program as having produced an atmosphere conducive to cheating.

First, "teaching by the numbers" in many of the academic courses turns instructors into "human teaching machines." Because of this centralized system, the faculty enjoys little of the authority and bears few of the responsibilities customary among their civilian colleagues: they work in an atmosphere described in terms ranging from "subservient" to "Machiavellian." The cadets, for their part, try to beat the highly standardized, impersonal system, some apparently by cheating. Second, to create an image of scholarly achievement, the Academy itself has employed practices that set a dubious example for cadets bound by an honor code stating: "We will not lie, or cheat, nor tolerate among us anyone who does."

As a result of the two cheating scandals, 155 budding Air Force careers were cut short when cadets involved were dismissed from the mile-high, 18,000-acre campus hugging the feet of the Rocky Mountains just north of Colorado Springs. In addition to the effect on the lives of the students, the two incidents bear a price tag of more than $5 million (reckoned from what it costs per year to educate a cadet). After the 1965 scandal, the Academy's military and athletic programs bore the brunt of the criticisms handed down by an Air Force investigation committee, headed by the late Gen. Thomas D. White, retired Air Force chief of staff. Changes duly made in the military program included the premature transfer of a former commandant of cadets. The athletic program was also revised, and athletes were not as conspicuous in the recent scandal as they had been in 1965.

However, the academic program, which commands three-fourths of the cadets' time (and where the cheating on exams occurred during both episodes) was diagnosed "basically sound" by the White committee, and no major changes have been made. That division of the Academy has been headed by Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, dean of the faculty, for more than ten years. Primarily under his direction, the Air Force Academy has moved several notches away from the very rigid academic system General McDermott experienced as a cadet at West Point. Air Force cadets today can major in a score of academic fields, are given credit for previous college work, can accelerate their studies with enrichment courses, and begin work toward a master's degree while still at the Academy —all changes from the former systems of the other service academies. Cadets have won dozens of scholarships, and the Academy itself boasts that it received accreditation even before graduating its first class in 1959. Nevertheless, many of the regimented and highly centralized teaching methods that prevailed at the older service academies were built into the Air Force Academy's more modern academic program.

Many Air Force Academy faculty members—possibly most—accept the present academic program with little question. Some are deeply troubled, however, and several were willing to talk—on being promised complete anonymity. During the weeks following the 1965 and the recent scandal, more than a dozen of these of-

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ficers were interviewed at the Academy. About one-third of the interviewed officers are still there; the others have been transferred or have resigned from the Air Force. They included junior and senior officers, combat pilots and service academy graduates, some who had been on the Academy faculty for years, others who were relatively new. They were not a group of young Turks conspiring in dissent: some did not know one another at all, others were barely acquainted. How did these faculty members evaluate the academic program which the White committee report called "basically sound"?

"We are a production line in a factory, rather than an academic institution. This would contribute to an atmosphere of indifference and irresponsibility in which a cheating ring could exist," bluntly stated one officer who had been several years on the faculty. "The program here closely resembles one of indoctrination rather than one which stimulates intellectual curiosity and creative thinking," replied another faculty member.

"When one considers that the individual instructor in many courses does not determine the course he will teach, or the text, or the course outline, or the content of the individual lessons, or the examinations, how does he proceed to teach?" This officer's rhetorical question about the Academy's prescribed courses—most of the curriculum—is silently supported by hundreds of volumes containing copies of the standardized course material, neatly bound in Air Force blue and lining an archival section of the Academy library. Such limitations encourage "that military propensity to avoid responsibility," said a former Academy faculty member, now teaching at a small Eastern college. The standardization of the prescribed courses also demands little independent study from the students, and the well-equipped, 230,000-volume library is little used. Further, the standardization of prescribed courses assures that the cadets will all work along the same predetermined lines, often taking similar tests in different sections of the same course, making cheating possible by passing on information to cadets who have not yet taken the test. It is no surprise then, that it was "mainly in the prescribed courses" that the recent cheating occurred, as General McDermott revealed in an interview. Significantly, only four cadets who confessed to cheating in 1965 were in academic trouble. This year, "only one guy cheated because of academic deficiencies," General McDermott said. Apparently, cadets try to beat the "teaching by the numbers" system, some by cheating to get a jump on their classmates.

In 1965, almost fifty cadets cheated with "varying degrees of regularity" for about a year before the incident was reported by a *cadet*. A year later, it was again a *cadet* who reported the cheating. Faculty members obviously knew little of what was happening in their small classes, normally limited to sixteen students. A former Academy officer, today teaching at one of America's most respected universities, commented on the impersonal teaching situation at the Academy:

> Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of teaching at the Air Force Academy compared to my teaching experiences at civilian institutions was a lack of real student-faculty involvement. This is paradoxical as the Academy makes a big thing in its public relations handouts of the highly personalized teaching there. They make invidious comparisons with the diploma mills of large universities where classes may have several hundred students. The basis for this smugness is the sixteen-man syndrome. The fact that sections of each course were to have no more than sixteen cadets by edict was held out and mistaken for close faculty-student relationships. The fact of the matter is that it was enormously difficult to find time when you and the cadet were not in class.

The gap between student and teacher is further widened by the "resectioning" of cadets, who in many courses are shifted once or twice during a semester to different sections of the same course, according to academic performance. As a result, cadets may work under three different instructors in the same course during one term.

Cadets who were interviewed said that they were still being bombarded with a barrage of tests. Estimated one: "You can probably expect between five and ten quizzes a week." To this must be added longer examinations, similar to midterm and final exams at civilian institutions. Discussing the policy of frequent testing, faculty members were concerned that it created "expert test takers," to whom the score is more important than substantive learning. The frequent testing is "designed to make the cadets study," but, said one faculty member, "instead of getting the student interested, instead of challenging him, we force him to do the work. It's an easy substitute for teaching." Tied to the testing is the policy of grading on a curve. It has been changed from "prescribed" to "suggested" since the 1965 scandal. Faculty members still at the Academy indicated that in some departments the change of emphasis has helped, but in others many military officers still read "suggested" in a very detailed faculty regulation as "prescribed." Cadets have frankly admitted to a "beat-the-curve" attitude.

The problem of rank arises within the Academy's all-military, 440-officer faculty. Differences over purely academic matters, faculty members reported, have been settled between officers junior and senior in military rank, but not in academic standing, with "that's an order." Awareness of the rank problem is compounded by inbreeding: one-third of the faculty listed in the current Academy catalogue—including the dean and vice dean—are service academy graduates. One officer, himself a West Point graduate, said during an interview: "They create pressure groups because of the positions many of them hold." He also felt that the "average level of the West Pointer is way below the average level of the college graduate from a civilian school who teaches here.

The attitude of the administration to the faculty accentuates the problems of the academic program. General McDermott clearly stated the administration's position during his first session with the faculty after the White committee found in its report that his academic program was "basically sound." Quoting carefully selected passages from the accrediting manual of the North Central Association of Colleges & Secondary Schools—which accredits the Academy—he suggested that because of its "mission of educating career officers," the Academy had the right, "such as religious organizations" to "define

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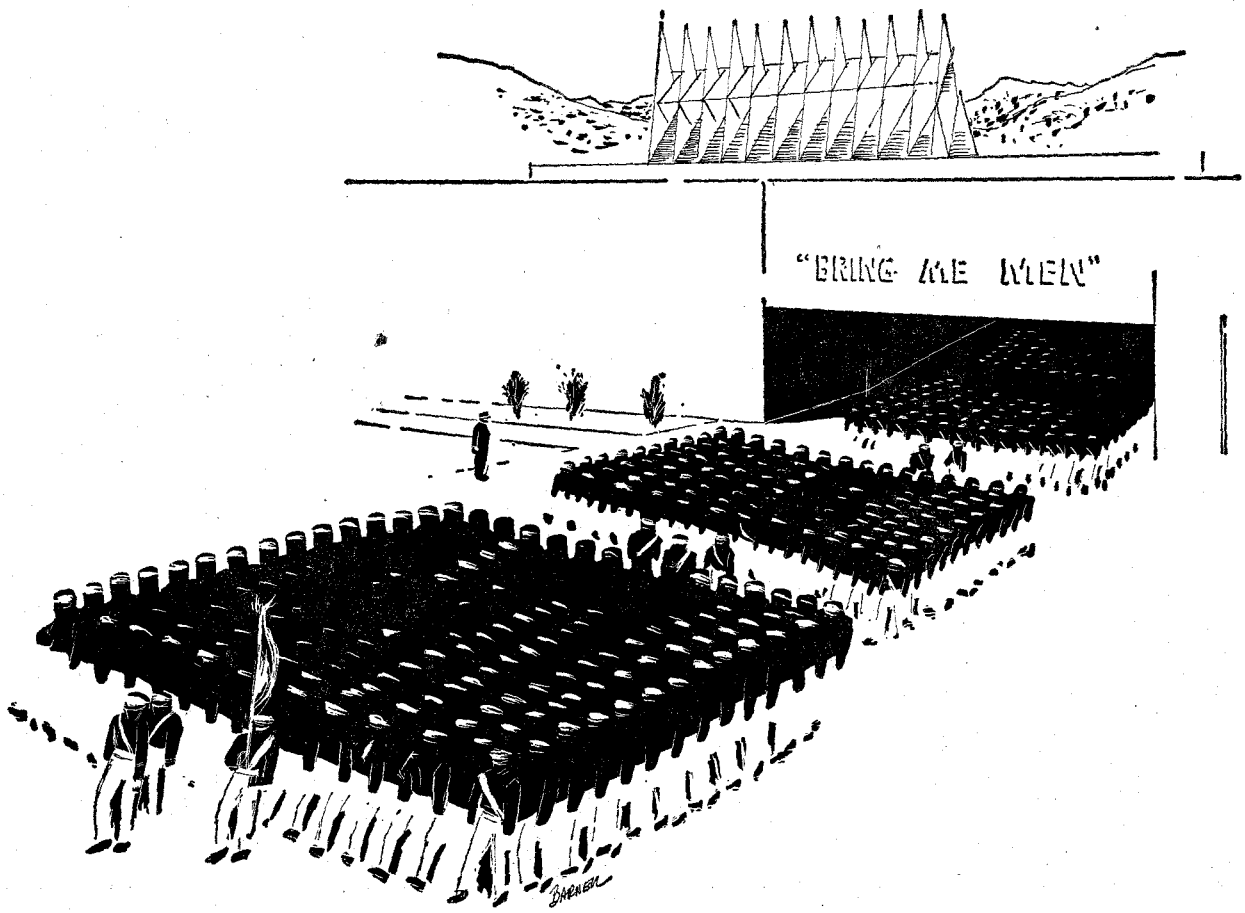

appropriate limitations of instructional freedom." Further citing from the manual, General McDermott made it clear to faculty members that their role was limited to their "area of . . . scholarship," and left no doubt that determining educational policies was not in that area. "If you can't live with that policy you are free to leave." Standing tall and erect on the stage of the lecture hall, a star embroidered on each epaulet of his uniform, he added: "Let's not push for anarchy. Let's not try to overthrow all policies." Highly praised in public, the all-military faculty learned in a dimly lit 1,000-man lecture hall that afternoon that educational policies were tightly controlled—as attested by a three-ring binder jammed full of faculty directives—and knew that most of them would have to "live with" it, because they could "not get tenure at another university." Reflecting the impact of the General's remarks, one officer said after the meeting: "I left feeling like a punished puppy."

Ironically, the White committee report, then less than a month old, had suggested more "meaningful dialogue" between faculty and administration. Further turning the knife, one faculty member recalled, was the fact that the accrediting manual General McDermott cited called for faculty meetings to be "primarily devoted to the discussion of long-term educational policies, and decisions should be made only after adequate deliberation." In contrast, the current Academy faculty directive on "Monthly Faculty Meetings" describes their primary purpose merely as "bringing to the attention of all faculty members policy decisions affecting the Academy's academic program." These meetings, supposed to be held monthly, are rarely needed and rarely called.

But the problems of the academic program go beyond the regimented instruction and highly centralized administration. The program exists in an atmosphere where criticism does not fare well, and is supported by practices which, some teachers feel, create an unrealistic setting for students expected to adhere to a strict honor code. Discussing the atmosphere within the faculty, one officer, sitting in his office on the sixth floor of Fairchild Hall, the city-block-long classroom building on the glass, concrete and aluminum campus, described the situation as: "Machiavellian, manipulative. It's administration by divide and conquer." Taking his eyes from one of the bulldozers tearing up the campus for construction of buildings to accommodate expansion of the cadet wing from 2,500 to 4,400 men, he gestured at the telephone on his desk: "You know, if I really have to make an important call, I go to the nearest public telephone." Did he have proof that the phone was tapped? "No, I don't, but the way things are around here, anything is possible."

The word "intimidation" was used. One officer described it as "a feeling that if one says things in class which differ from the mores, policies and morality of the administration, he will be transferred." Even though he had not been threatened personally while still at the Academy, "there was such an atmosphere." Another officer had been so threatened when he disagreed with senior officers over educational policies. After a lengthy hassle, he said, the threat was averted and he was later

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routinely reassigned. Other aspects of the Academy's arbitrary personnel policy have not helped to boost faculty morale. For instance, in 1964, a captain on the faculty was jumped in rank to lieutenant colonel without—even for a day—wearing the gold leaves of a major. There was nothing illegal about the promotion, although none like it have been reported from Vietnam nor from the NASA program. By law, several officers can be permanently appointed to the Academy faculty, as was done with the captain in this case. Along with the permanent status goes the rank of lieutenant colonel. What puzzled many faculty members—especially those in the rank of major—is exactly how officers are selected for such choice appointments.

Other practices in the relationship between the faculty and its administration may have helped to create an atmosphere less than perfect for an honor code. For instance, visitors ranging from foreign heads of state to private tourists descend upon the Academy regularly; among them are hundreds of educators who are frequently briefed by faculty members on the academic program.

At one time such briefings included a series of slides to make various points. One of these showed that an incoming class of cadets ranked fourteenth on a standardized aptitude test, bettered only by such schools as Columbia, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, etc. Subsequent slides contained graphs indicating that cadets, after four years at the Academy and on the basis of another standardized test, were now second among more than 200 schools. The inference was impressive: when the cadets came to the Academy they ranked fourteenth after Yale, Princeton, etc. After four years they had moved up to second place in such distinguished company. However, in the first comparison, the schools were identified by name. In the second they were not, and according to a list obtained from an Academy office in 1965, there was no Yale, Cornell, Princeton, etc., among them.

Tricky statistics recur in the Academy's self-evaluation. After the 1965 cheating incident there were questions as to whether the academic program applied too much pressure, thus forcing some cadets to cheat. The Academy had been boasting of the heavy load the cadets carried. The Academy catalogue published before the 1965 episode proclaimed that "188 semester hours [are] included in the four-year prescribed curriculum . . . at least 35 hours greater" than required by most engineering schools and "60 hours above that of a liberal arts school." Very quietly, in fact classified "For Official Use Only," a lengthy memorandum from General McDermott was circulated after the 1965 scandal to dispel any idea that the heavy course load may have led to cheating. The memo bluntly admitted that there was "something misleading about the figure of 188 semester hours we advertise as the prescribed cadet load," because it contained physical education and military training courses, some conducted during the summer, and because the Academy's program is spread over a longer academic year than other schools use. Therefore, "comparisons of this kind are valid, if at all, only if they are made on a weekly basis." Under these ground rules, the most surprising statement in the lengthy memo claimed that cadets "carry a lighter weekly work load than their counterparts paying their own way and working toward a B.S. degree in the college of engineering at the University of Wisconsin," used as an example. Citing only *academic* credit hours in comparisons with other schools—rather than all semester hours as was the case before 1965—recent Academy catalogues reflect the new emphasis: ". . . five to ten more academic semester hours than most engineering schools and about 15 hours above . . . liberal arts schools." But the *total* required cadet work load, according to the catalogues, has not changed. They took 188 semester hours before the 1965 scandal and still do.

Other examples of academic image building set what faculty members fear are poor precedents for the cadets. Officers in one academic department—not among those interviewed—who were studying for their doctorates under Air Force auspices, but taking more time than was deemed necessary, received letters from their department, containing a "very unofficial comment." Urging the officers that, "barring acts of God or other calamities," they should get their degrees in the extra year granted them, the identical letters stated: "In fact, if it comes to this, a less than excellent dissertation would be the better choice" than taking more time. The officer who told of this nudging added: "It seems the most important thing is getting the Ph.D. into the [Academy] catalogue."

According to that catalogue, the dean of the faculty has an "LL.D., St. Louis University." Official news releases for several years have said: "He holds a master's degree from the oldest university, Harvard, and a Doctor of Laws degree from St. Louis University, the oldest university west of the Mississippi." Result: One prominent newspaper in a story about the recent scandal said General McDermott ". . . has a master's degree from Harvard and a doctorate from St. Louis University." None of these sources indicated whether the latter degree was earned or honorary. Asked about it, the General acknowledged that it was honorary.

Summarizing the image-building efforts at the Air Force Academy, one faculty officer said: "The motto of the Academy seems to be public relations *über alles*." One naturally asks what effect this emphasis on questionable symbols of academic success may have on cadets, especially since they work under the pressure of a heavy academic program, whose accent is on the score rather than on substantive learning. It results in a "corner-cutting attitude about academics," said one officer with regret, noting the "extremely high caliber" of the incoming cadets. "We are so delighted to get this sort of student and to be able to help him that we will do anything within our ability to see this type of cadet realize his full potential." In the prescribed courses, he said, with their many restrictions on the teacher, and multitude of standardized procedures, that is difficult to achieve. In the Academy's enrichment and graduate courses—with fewer or none of the restrictive measures such as the "suggested" curve or resectioning—it is possible, because these courses, "in part, instill the idea in the boys that education is more than finding short cuts."

Primarily, faculty members emphasized the need for

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more freedom—authority as well as responsibility—in the prescribed courses. They wanted to get away from the emphasis on "looking good, no matter what the cost." They were eager to drop the idea, as one officer put it, that the "counterpart to having a spotless shoeshine, a clean uniform and clean underwear is the score on the test, no matter how." They realized a better faculty would be needed to reach these goals. Judged by degrees alone, the Air Force Academy—with about one-fifth of the faculty holding doctorates—is superior to either of its sister service academies. However, after several years on the Academy faculty, one officer expressed a concern shared by others: "Those [faculty members] who cared most for the students, felt most strongly about the Academy and cared most for education, were those most likely to leave. It appeared that those who cared the least about these matters were most willing to stay because they were willing to surrender their responsibilities to others." Another officer added: "Unfortunately, although we have moved away from West Point, we are only halfway to where we must be if we are to realize our intellectual ambitions. And I'm afraid this halfway point combines the worst of both the military and intellectual worlds. Unless we are willing to pay the price of creating an intellectual environment, namely tolerating independence instead of conducting a headlong pursuit of the symbols of academic success, our aspirations . . . to produce the kind of officer demanded by the Air Force of the future, a man for whom intellectual skills will be equal or greater in importance than the traditional military skills . . . will remain unrealized."

The Academy's Board of Visitors—its most important supervisory body, composed of members of Congress, educators and military experts who report to the President—in brief annual visits to the campus has discerned little or nothing of what ails the Air Force Academy. Rep. Burt L. Talcott of California—who has a son who went to the Academy—has been the only member of a Board of Visitors to note that something may be wrong with the academic program. His comments, appended to the 1965 report as a dissenting opinion, matched many of the views of faculty officers interviewed. Only one other member of the 1965 board, Sen. Gordon Allott of Colorado, concurred with Representative Talcott's observations. Since the recent scandal, some present board members have become very critical in private. One said that the dean of the faculty is guilty of "horrible misdirection of emphasis at the Academy."

After the 1965 scandal, General McDermott told the faculty "a society where moral fibers are weakening," and where respect for "law and honor and morality is decaying" was responsible for the cheating. Urging tighter security for testing material, he quoted: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He also asked that everything he said "stay in the Academy family," because "we do not want members of Congress to interfere with this thing." After the second scandal, faculty members reported, he again cited the Lord's Prayer at a meeting with cadets and faculty and the term "mortal sin" was mentioned in connection with cheating. The recent scandal, a high-ranking Academy administration source said, is largely due to press criticism of the honor code's toleration clause after the 1965 scandal. Unwilling to be named while investigations are continuing, he noted that forty-three of the forty-six cadets involved in the recent incident were freshmen in 1965. He maintained that the newspapers had impressed on these young men that reporting a fellow cadet who cheated was "tattling."

Testifying before Congress about the 1965 cheating incident, Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, father of the nuclear submarine, Annapolis graduate and frequent critic of service academies, presented a less esoteric view: "Pious platitudes about honor and leadership constantly emanate from the service academies. These have led to a situation not unlike a game of cops and robbers where the aim of the student is somehow to find ways to beat the system."

THE ROAD TO TRADE

HAROLD J. BERMAN and JOHN R. GARSON

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Now that the consular treaty with the Soviet Union has been ratified, one of the next important steps in the improvement of our relations with Russia and the Communist countries of Eastern Europe is to enact the East-West Trade Relations Act, first proposed by the Administration in 1966.

The immediate effect of the Act would be to permit the President to abolish discriminatory import restrictions on the products of various Communist countries, in the context of bilateral commercial agreements designed (in the language of the proposed Trade Relations Act) to "provide a framework helpful to private United States firms conducting business relations with Communist state trading agencies."

The Administration does not need permission from Congress to enter into commercial agreements with any country. However, in order to make it possible for the countries which would be affected by the proposed Act to sell their goods in the United States, and in order to induce concessions from them favorable to American exporters, the President needs Congressional authority to overcome the effect of existing legislation, under which duties three or four times higher than normal are imposed on imports from certain Communist countries. Also the proposed Act would permit the President to eliminate the existing Congressional prohibition against

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the importation of several kinds of furs and skins from the Soviet Union.

By imposing unusually high tariffs on imports from Communist countries we are not only denying American importers and consumers the opportunity to purchase various products on favorable terms but we are also restricting the opportunity of those countries to acquire foreign exchange needed to purchase our goods. The principal beneficiaries of our discriminatory practices are not, as might be supposed, competing American industries but exporters of similar goods (e.g., watches, cars, cameras, manganese, textiles and a host of other products) in non-Communist countries.

With respect to furs and skins, the existing restriction is simply vested-interest legislation, adopted in 1951 in the shadow of the Korean War. Congress at that time banned the importation from the Soviet Union and Communist China of ermine, fox, kolinsky, marten, mink, muskrat and weasel furs and skins. We can and do continue to import other Soviet furs, among them sable, which are not on the proscribed list.

Congress did not require the withdrawal of most-favored-nation treatment from Yugoslavia and Poland, so the proposed Act does not affect our trade relations with those two countries. Also the Act would expressly exclude East Germany, as well as the Communist countries of Asia. The term "East," in the Act, thus refers to the Soviet Union, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Albania.

It is anticipated that, on being granted most-favored-nation treatment by us, the affected Communist countries would make reciprocal concessions. Normally, in international trade, most-favored-nation treatment by one side is bargained for most-favored-nation treatment by the other. However, the reciprocal reduction of customs duties by a country whose entire trade is conducted by state agencies does not necessarily assure exporters in the other country of a greater opportunity to sell their goods. In a state-trading country, decisions to import are not substantially influenced by customs duties, which are in any event paid by one state agency (the import corporation) to another (the treasury). The proposed East-West Trade Relations Act, therefore, seeks more significant concessions.

In particular, it lists as "matters of mutual interest" that may be covered in the commercial agreements various types of obstacles encountered by Americans seeking to do business with Communist state trading agencies. These include, but are not restricted to:

(*1*) Satisfactory arrangements for the protection of industrial rights and processes.

(*2*) Satisfactory arrangements for the settlement of commercial differences and disputes.

(*3*) Arrangements for establishment or expansion of United States trade and tourist promotion offices, for facilitation of such efforts as the trade promotion activities of United States commercial officers, participating in trade fairs and exhibits, the sending of trade missions, and for facilitation of entry and travel of commercial representatives as necessary.

(*4*) Most-favored-nation treatment with respect to duties or other restrictions on the imports of the products of the United States, and other arrangements that may secure market access and assure fair treatment for products of the United States.

(*5*) Satisfactory arrangements covering other matters affecting relations between the United States and the country concerned, such as the settlement of financial and property claims and the improvement of consular relations.

The Act thus implicitly accepts the idea that reciprocal most-favored-nation treatment in trade agreements with Communist countries should take the form of a series of particularized nondiscrimination or "fair treatment" provisions relating to specific areas of trade relations, and it adds to this the possibility of obtaining special commitments of a concrete nature. In particular, the United States will be concerned to obtain better arrangements for the protection of industrial rights and processes and to reach understandings with respect to the settlement of commercial differences and disputes.

The Soviet Union and the Communist nations of Eastern Europe have not yet provided the same kind of protection to patented inventions as is assured by the United States and other industrial states of the West. In recent years, a relatively large number of American (and West European) firms have filed patent applications in Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and the Soviet Union—usually in connection with a licensing agreement for the use or application of Western industrial technology. While most of the East European patent statutes and that of the Soviet Union state that the granting of a patent gives the right to the exclusive use of the invention industrially and commercially throughout the country—and provide that the owner of a patent is entitled to a negotiated royalty income for its use—the lack of means to enforce such rights may destroy their force and effect. For example, the Soviet Union will not permit the inspection of production facilities and does not provide ways to prevent unauthorized firms from manufacturing and utilizing the patented invention.

Thus in entering into licensing agreements for patents or for unpatentable know-how and other information, the American (or West European) supplier has no guarantee that the importing firm will not make the information available to other state enterprises or, indeed, to other Communist countries. Although some American firms have admitted that the royalties charged for processes, patents, data and know-how (often capitalized in a lump sum) include an amount allocable to the risk of unauthorized disclosure, most firms cannot charge enough to protect themselves completely against this contingency, and must rely to some extent on the apparent willingness of the East European nations to adopt the accepted commercial practices of the West. Intergovernmental negotiations between the United States and individual Communist countries would provide an opportunity to bargain the range and scope of the devices by which American firms can be protected against technological piracy and other intrusions on their proprietary rights.

Bilateral negotiations between the United States and the individual Communist countries will also provide a forum for negotiating superior procedures for the settle-

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ment of commercial disputes between American firms and the state trading organizations. As a practical matter, international trade contracts usually provide for the arbitration of differences and disputes, but in the case of East-West trade each side is often suspicious of arbitration boards in the other's forum. They may both accept the principle of arbitration in a third country, but even then the selection of the arbitral board and its members can be perplexing. One form of arbitration which could be discussed in intergovernmental negotiations is that of mixed tribunals consisting of citizens appointed from both countries. The Italians and Soviets now have such a tribunal.

In addition to solving these and other problems, it may be supposed that regular government-to-government negotiations would lead to commitments by Communist countries to purchase particular American products, and commitments by the United States Government to issue export licenses for these products. There is already a certain precedent for this in our trade negotiations with Rumania in 1964, when the Rumanian delegation gave our government a "shopping list" of products it wished to purchase, and our government indicated which items it would be willing to license for export. Other countries which do business with Communist countries generally establish bilateral trade agreements containing programs of exchanges of particular goods in particular quantities over a period of years. We may be able to adapt some aspects of this type of arrangement to our own needs and circumstances.

In any event, we can no longer afford to be smug about our trade practices with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. In 1965, Western Europe exported $4 billion worth of goods to Communist countries, while the United States sold them a grand total of $139 million. Our policy reminds one of the traditional Chinese form of revenge: committing suicide on one's enemy's doorstep.

The diversion of potential American trade to other non-Communist countries has been one of the principal motivating factors in the present re-evaluation of our East-West Trade Policy. Another factor is the Administration's declared policy of "widening constructive relations with the countries of Eastern Europe and the USSR." But a third factor, conflicting with the first two, is the belief that trade can be used as a flexible foreign policy instrument and, more particularly, as a means of weaning selected Communist countries from the Soviet sphere of influence.

Our government has often explained its limited trade concessions to Poland in 1957 and 1960, and to Rumania in 1964, as part of its larger effort to diminish the homogeny of the "Soviet bloc." Conversely, as recently as October, 1966, trade controls on East Germany were tightened relative to the other countries of Eastern Europe to demonstrate our continued hostility to the government of that country.

It is regrettable that the Miller Report (the 1965 report by twelve prominent representatives of business, labor and the academic community, selected by the President, which provided the rationale for the proposed East-West Trade Relations Act) concludes that "the case for expanding peaceful trade comes down to the proposition that we can use trade to influence the internal evolution and external behavior of Communist countries." It is also regrettable that the Miller Report suggests (and the proposed Act adopted the suggestion) that the kind of most-favored-nation treatment granted to Communist countries should differ from that granted to "free-world" countries. Most-favored-nation treatment will be granted to Communist countries only for the duration of the trade agreement of which it is a part and will be subject to periodic review. By creating this second-class kind of most-favored-nation treatment—especially when Poland and Yugoslavia have already been extended the first-class variety—the Miller Report and the proposed Act may have indulged in some unnecessary political mischief. No other nation in the world has thought to create such grades of most-favored-nation treatment.

Normalization of our trade relations with Communist countries—even if inspired by mistaken political assumptions—will help to overcome the widespread American myth that our exports constitute a kind of foreign aid program. If we were to repeat Great Britain's experience with the Soviet Union, we should find that the Communist countries are not in a position to take as much of our exports as we might like, and that they, at least, are fully aware that a sale is not a gift, that imports must eventually be paid for out of the proceeds of exports, and that in general satisfactory trade relations are a matter of mutual advantage.

Above all, commercial agreements with Communist countries, negotiated on the basis of mutual advantage, can help to prove to them that their own long-range interests are linked with the stability and integrity of the international economic and legal order, which in turn is an essential part of healthy political relations. If we may take the liberty of quoting what one of us has written elsewhere:

> In the 1920's and 1930's one of the principal charges leveled against the Soviet leaders was that they had withdrawn from the world economy, that their foreign trade system was inherently restrictive and discriminatory, and that their goal was self-sufficiency. In the 1950's and 1960's, the Soviet leaders have come out of their shell, have abandoned their earlier tendency toward economic isolationism, and have sought to establish firmer ties with the West. It is strange indeed that they should now be able to charge the United States with subverting economics to politics, with refusal to trade, and with discriminatory trade practices.

This applies, of course, with added force to the other Communist countries of Europe, which are, in fact, Western countries, and which now are openly striving to lessen their economic dependence upon the Soviet Union and upon one another. The Communist countries can no longer afford to view trade as a political weapon for isolating themselves from the "capitalist camp," and by the same token we can no longer afford to use trade as a political weapon for containing or dispersing communism. The proposed East-West Trade Relations Act is a belated recognition of these historic facts, but at least it provides an opportunity to create legal and commercial institutions that reflect their significance.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Art of Human Use

THE NEW BRUTALISM: Ethic or Aesthetic? *By Reyner Banham. Reinhold Publishing Corp. 196 pp. Illustrated. $15.*

WHO DESIGNS AMERICA?: The American Civilization Conference at Princeton. *Edited by Laurence B. Holland. Doubleday & Co. 357 pp. Paper $1.45.*

ARCHITECTS ON ARCHITECTURE: New Directions in America. *By Paul Heyer. Walker and Co. 415 pp. Illustrated. $17.50.*

AMERICAN BUILDING: The Historical Forces That Shaped It. *Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. By James Marston Fitch. Houghton Mifflin Co. 350 pp. Illustrated. $12.50.*

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect on the faculty of the School of Architecture, Cambridge University. His book Lost New York *will be published by Houghton Mifflin.*

Reyner Banham's new book is about the work of some good English architects who wrestled with ideas about what they were doing in the fifties and sixties, while American architects at the same time were mostly wrestling with appearances. Peter and Alison Smithson come in for the closest examination, though many working in England (including me) would argue about the importance of their leadership on the front lines of architectural theory. The subtitle—*Ethic or Aesthetic?*—is meant to indicate the Smithsons' concern with values as well as with forms, and also Dr. Banham's own misgivings about the clearly stylistic inference of *New Brutalism.* Yet Brutalism is, in ethic at least, largely classic Functionalism; it is a new term invented by some who forget what the old one meant. This is a gossipy book for insiders, but even inside gossip can be inaccurate, and the Smithsons recently blasted it with a long criticism of its historical detail in the British *Architects' Journal.* In the article, the Smithsons continued to insist on their aesthetic brand name "Brutalism." They concluded, "those who still cannot see what Brutalism is about should consider this: the E type Jaguar, the jeep, the *Deux Chevaux* and the DS 19 are all Brutalist cars." Get it? No?

I have the impression that Dr. Banham can hardly wait to drop the whole subject and move on to what he calls *une architecture autre,* another art-historical label and category. As he briefly states it, this would be the extremely radical—so he thinks—view that architecture ought to abandon "composition, symmetry, order [?] module, proportion . . . even the idea of structure and space—or rather, it ought to abandon the idea that the prime function of an architect is to employ structure and make spaces." I agree with most of this, and I'll return to the idea of this counter-Renaissance attack in a moment; but I'd better say at once that the Resistance Movement is already digging in, and its *Maquis* bear no relation to some Flash Gordon architectural technologists that Banham now fancies.

The 1964 Princeton conference recorded in the engrossing *Who Designs America?* bogs down in controversy about what Functionalism is supposed to mean. Humphry Osmond, an otherwise admirably informed psychiatrist, says the idea of function

> is indeed very mysterious. When my exploration of it started I came to the conclusion that I didn't understand it at all. As I understand it originally the idea was—and I'd like to be corrected here—that if you looked at the building you'd see why it stood up.

A designer asks, "is there anything wrong with the idea that beauty is part of the function of what an architect or designer does?" Then Morton White, professor of philosophy at Harvard, thinks that the bold quality of the Functionalism of Sullivan and Wright lay in their "narrow goal" of "architectural utility." Since the four books I am reviewing here are primarily about a current crisis in understanding of Functionalism—its informing principle in architecture and design; and on what principles, if different ones, architects should now rely—I made myself check back to the source, as we were once taught it in theory lectures at architectural school.

My old notes say that the classical origin of Functionalism as an approach to beauty is found in a disputation between Socrates and Aristippus, recorded in Xenophon's *Memorabilia,* where Socrates at length called a dung basket beautiful and a golden shield ugly, if the one was well made for its special work and the other badly. On architecture, Socrates was succinct: "The house in which the owner can find a pleasant retreat at all seasons and can store his belongings safely is presumably at once the pleasantest and most beautiful." This disputation was the basis for a theory of art that endured. Elements of the ideas of Socrates later appeared in the theories of Horatio Greenough, Louis Sullivan, Walter Gropius and a thousand others, and these ideas came to be called Functionalism. Included were the notions that there need be only one explanation for all beauty of whatever occurrence; that according to this explanation, beauty is relative; and that what a thing called beautiful is relative *to* are the things for which it is useful. (Even painting and sculpture could be judged in terms of use, because their uses—said Socrates—were to express character and the activities of the soul.)

Exactly what is the problem lately with Functionalism? It was not meant to be another name for expediency. It is supposed to be an immutable idea about the nature of art. Yet even Professor White of Harvard Philosophy puts a limiting construction on what we at Columbia Architecture believed was a philosophically complete idea. And Banham, Osmond and White aren't the only ones. Despite all the vulgar talk about "functional architecture" since Bauhaus days, since (even earlier) *The Ladies' Home Journal* discovered Wright in 1907, Functionalism doesn't seem to have thrived.

For instance, I take it as a Socratic corollary that *all* things must be beautiful if they can be judged as having satisfied the conditions of their use. But Louis Kahn, one of Paul Heyer's heroes in *Architects on Architecture* (whose newspaper plant in Pennsylvania is, I think, beautiful), is quoted in this wise: "All buildings do not belong to Architecture. A work of architecture is presented as an offering to Architecture and to its Treasury of spaces." Kahn believes that in architecture there are elevated and base works. Also the architectural profession (on presumably similar theoretical grounds) claims that a twentieth of all building, which is the proportion that architects are now responsible for, represents all the "significant" building. Only these buildings

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which are "offered" are going to make our "Treasury."

So who designs America, indeed? On the one hand (the one that's nineteen times bigger) there are developers, engineering departments, real estate companies, package builders, local contractors. I don't think I can bring myself to try to describe their aesthetic theories, but they are certainly the people who are engaged in building the increasingly man-made world which is described by 4 pages of exponential curves in *Who Designs America?* On the other hand we have the architects. They aren't really smug about their low productivity, are they? What new approach are they offering against the onrushing, living crisis in building and design? This is what some of them are saying in *Architects on Architecture*:

> "[I am not a] narrow functionalist; you cannot consider function without producing a good plan, and I put a great deal of emphasis on abstract beauty in a plan." (Ralph Rapson.) "I approach environmental considerations in two ways: the pure, aesthetic approach, which is only theoretical, and the traditional craft approach. . . . In the arts, self-expression generally comes first." (Paolo Soleri.) "I like to think of architecture as an individual creative expression." (Edward D. Stone.) "Purpose is not necessary to make a building beautiful . . . sooner or later we will fit our buildings so that they can be used . . . where form comes from I don't know, but it has nothing at all to do with the functional or sociological aspects of architecture." (Philip Johnson.) "Some architects in the United States are searching for beauty, but I am not one of them" (says John M. Johansen; and Paul Heyer helpfully concludes, "His search is for character").

Heyer is no deep thinker and no great writer, and his choice of pictures makes a most unsatisfactory presentation of these architects' work. But in fact, I am not claiming that all the *work* of those I have quoted is divorced from use objectives. However, the forty-odd architects he presents imply our forty best (he passes up Shadrach Woods, William Conklin, Louis Sauer, Romaldo Giurgola, Peter and Claude Sampton, Serge Chermayeff and a dozen first-rate firms), and at least half of Heyer's virtuosos are saying what Alexander Jackson Downing, an American landscape architect, wrote in 1849: "The Beautiful is, intrinsically, something quite different from the Useful. It appeals to a wholly different part of our nature; it requires another portion of our being to receive and enjoy it." Downing, mentioned by Prof. John W. Ward in *Who Designs America?*, was a sort of Functionalist in distress. He was one of the first American writers on art to express doubts about mere necessity, even while up against the realities of his practice. The beauty of human use, including human ideals, didn't seem artistic enough to him. And so our architecture has been going, virtually ever since.

I may as well come out in the open. What bothers me is not really that American architects are planting flowers but not corn. The trouble is that we seem to be willing to side-step enormous new challenges of growth and change. Artistic intuition and self-expression just aren't good enough, aren't really *creative* enough, to take account of the exciting possibilities of the future. Since in a short time all of us will be living our lives almost entirely within man-made environments, architects have to enlarge the scope of their intentions out of sheer necessity. Like Banham, I think that architecture is on the threshold of its first new beginning since Brunelleschi and Alberti; though I don't see it as a "style," nor does it rely on technological visual aids in principle. Banham's hip prototypes—the "Endless House," Buckminster Fuller, highway Baroque, plug-in cities—aren't pertinent to this new beginning in architecture; they are not to the point at all. Instead of fixing on these pretty preconceptions, we ought to be keeping our choices open by considering that the radical new beginning needs to be based on what many architects seem to have temporarily forgotten: the sensibility of use.

A new beginning has been falsely claimed many times before, most especially for the Vienna-Chicago-Dessau modern movement, which I think was not a beginning but an end—as it turned out, it was the last attempt at a purely visual symbolization of architectural form. The change has been held off for a long time by Le Corbusier, the greatest artist of form in architecture since Palladio; and through the visual prejudice of architectural historians. The signs have been clear for only about fifteen or twenty years, but I now think they are definite.

One sign was Professor Fitch's classic *American Building* of 1947, which insisted on discussing not the Architectural Treasury but all kinds of building; and not so much in terms of "historical forces," as the book is subtitled in its timely reissue, but in the principles of actual human experience. He ends his newly revised and expanded book (significantly, to be followed by a second volume on "environmental forces") by saying: "It is now apparent that the external limitations which held historic architecture, so to say, 'in shape' are no longer operative. They have disappeared forever and must be replaced

THE PARALYTIC

I have waited now ten years
to hear this pool speak through my tears.
Legs bent under me,
my neck a hangman's noose, I cannot see
but what the inside of my eyes watches
of the brain's flood. I am a golden face
beneath an iron mask. There is a case
to be made for me: ten years on this
pallet; each time the angel hissed
through the surface some rich man
knocked me over and stepped, rotten in the can,
puce-lipped, into the green water
and stepped out pure as any rabbi's virgin daughter.
I stay a wreck on the water's edge;
nose running, face agape and no pledge
from the priest to move me up one place
closer to the edge. That bastard takes money for the race
into the pool—a change of pallet to the right
or left and when the angel coughs upon the light
he who was quickest with the gold falls
splashing to his cure. I'll jump the gun some day,
swallow the burley pollen of the pool and rise up
like a fern from moss, lithe, reposed, floating, erect and cool.

NED O'GORMAN

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by a new internally generated discipline. This discipline can only derive from the most scrupulous re-examination of man and his relation to his environment; and this examination must fully utilize both the norms and the substance of modern scientific knowledge."

Also in the past fifteen or twenty years, an increasing number of architects have begun systematically to seek information from the social sciences. These may not be most of Paul Heyer's "leading" ones, but perhaps they are more reliable leaders. Joseph Esherick, a 52-year-old architect who teaches and works in Berkeley, is one of the most promising points of origin for an architectural new beginning. He collaborated on the recently built University of California School of Environmental Design, and did a house (the Bermak house) that seems to have insight into the future.

Heyer fortunately interviewed him. Esherick says that "beauty is a *consequential* thing," and he is gripped by "the very ambiguity of the social science problem, and I take design to be a social science problem; its wooliness, its vagueness, all of these elements of the problem are in fact elements of life itself."

To adopt a social science attitude means to move beyond the old role of the architect as virtuoso artist. Is this traumatic leap into the future going to be worth it? I would expect a radically Functionalist architecture to create eventually an environment where one is in a balanced normal state, free of formal instruction except in terms of use-situations or potential use-situations. The best of this architecture would be that which defines, with high sensibility, normality without uniformity (because the human normal state is not uniform), and formality without deformity (meaning inappropriate exaggeration). The result of this would be art, in the old Socratic sense; not the post-Renaissance "art of beautiful buildings" but the radical rediscovery of architecture as the art of human use. This also suggests that architecture may leave the uncomfortable formal or technological annex where it has been placed by some aestheticians, and take its rightful place again in the center of the existential situation—as it was thought of when it was once called Mother of the Arts.

A Pot of Message

THE MEDIUM IS THE MASSAGE: An Inventory of Effects. *By Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore. Random House. 157 pp. $10.95.*

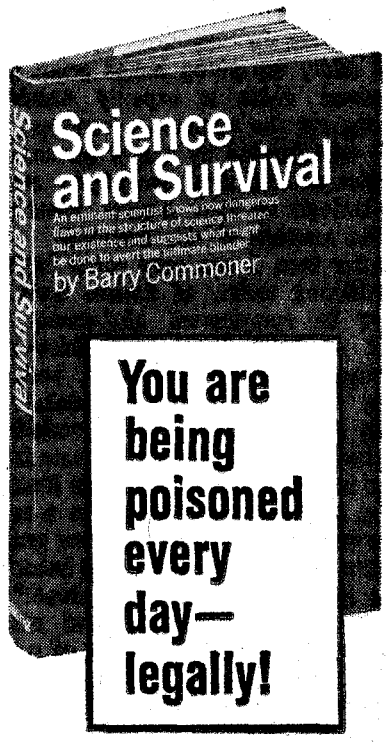
NEIL COMPTON

Mr. Compton is chairman of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He writes frequently on contemporary culture and the popular arts.

The medium is the *what*? Please do not adjust your (psychological) set. This is no misprint but Marshall McLuhan's latest gnomic utterance, orchestrated with graphics by Quentin Fiore in a book "coordinated" (whatever that may mean) by Jerome Agel. Those who, like me, have been hoping that McLuhan would return to the iconographic mode of his brilliant proto-pop picture book *The Mechanical Bride* (1951) now have their wish. However, they should brace themselves. The prophet of Total Change has learned, like his favorite hero, the sailor in Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom," how to remain contemplative at the heart of the flux. The man who rebuffed the mass-produced and stereotyped enticements of *The Mechanical Bride* now joyfully surrenders to the polymorphous perversities of her electronic progeny.

The medium is the massage because it works us over completely. The media are "so pervasive in their personal, political, economic, aesthetic, psychological, moral, ethical and social consequences that they leave no part of us untouched, unaffected and unaltered." This book is a "collide-oscope of interfaced situations" designed to chart the "worldpool of information" which swirls around us. Now that "all the world's a sage" most schools are obsolete, and such archaic educational fumblers as mom and dad must either retire gracefully from the scene or submit themselves to brainwashing by their offspring who understand instinctively the electric drama which involves everyone alive today. (Old McLuhan hands will note that the master has lost neither his apocalyptic manner nor his proclivity for outrageous puns.)

There is not much in *The Medium is the Massage* that will be new to those who know their *Understanding Media* (1964). In a way, the new book seems to be an attempt to translate the linear prose of its predecessor into a sort of post-alphabetic, non-syntactical language more appropriate to a vision which trumpets the end of the Gutenberg era.



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Whatever the case, it is a crazy, exhilarating, imaginative piece of book making. On the very first page a bizarre and oddly disturbing image establishes a mood which is expertly sustained throughout the volume—a raw egg, its yolk trademarked by a new no-contact, no-pressure printing technique, stares unwinkingly up from a plate. What can be the message of *this* medium?

After that, I was easy game for the bewildering variety of devices used by Fiore to complement McLuhan's assault on conventional sensibilities—the passages, printed upside down, back to front (like Leonardo's notebooks) or white on black; the dramatic variations in pictorial and typographical scale from page to page; and the enigmatic illustrations. A stagecoach reflected in a rear-view mirror? This shows how "we march backwards into the future [and] suburbia lives imaginatively in Bonanzaland." A close-up of a pair of crossed mesh-stockinged legs, and the photo of a girl whose navel peeks through the O in a large vertical LOVE down the front of her dress? Symbols of the disturbing consequences of brushing information against information. A *quattrocento* painting of an urban scene? Characteristic of the detached, non-involved nature of renaissance art ("a piazza for everything, and everything in its piazza"). Two blank pages? Symbolic of the way in which environments invisibly distort our apprehension of reality.

The counterpoint between word and image makes *The Medium is the Massage* a more engaging work than *Understanding Media.* In spite of the brilliant *aperçus* which illuminated almost every chapter of the earlier book, it was written in incredibly graceless prose for a literary scholar who believes that eloquence is the mark of a truly educated man. The need for economy dictated by the alternation of picture and text in the present work probably imposed a healthy discipline on the author's naturally discursive imagination.

Nevertheless, *The Medium is the Massage*, which is probably going to be a great popular success, reawakens some of the doubts and fears aroused by McLuhan's rocketing fame after the publication of *Understanding Media.* Surely the rise of instantaneous circuitry does not oblige us to take McLuhan on his own terms as an instant philosopher whose views on every conceivable subject need not be supported by any argument more substantial than a pun or half a syllogism. He needs to be approached in a more critical spirit than the extremes of adulation and blank incomprehension with which his work has usually been greeted. He himself is remarkably unself-critical (perhaps identifying introspection with the kind of "fixed, unchangeable point of view" which he abhors), and is never at a loss for an explanation of any phenomenon about which he may be asked. (Admittedly, he has told interviewers that he doesn't believe everything he says.)

The main distorting element in McLuhan's thought is his hatred for the individualistic, detached, fragmented, visual bias of Western culture in the Gutenberg era (see *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, 1962). The strength of this emotion is so great that he tends to write as though the eye were the cause of all the ills that bedevil the world. He approves of television, though, and is therefore forced to argue that it is not a visual medium but haptic or tactile because the shifting mosaic mesh of the television image is totally different from the sharply defined, mechanically repeated pictures projected on a cinema.

Such absurdities aside, McLuhan's unexpressed bias invariably leads him to scoff at attempts to exercise independent judgment or control of media content. Because "societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which they communicate than by the content of the communication," he derides politicians who try to campaign "on the issues," reformers who worry about the intellectual level of television programs, and teachers who are upset because Johnny can't read. He seems to confuse the very real problems posed by the media with the millennium—and embraces the new "global village culture" with hardly a qualm about the notorious intellectual illiberality of village life, whether global or otherwise.

Like most millenarians, he tends to disparage the uncomfortable present in favor of the beatific future. He often writes as though the living moment were unreal, and only the future actual. How much trust dare we repose in the humane concern of a man who, in a discussion of recent educational trends, can write that "Vietnam, as the content of the teach-in, is a very small and perhaps misleading Red Herring. It really has little to do with the teach-in, as such, anymore than with the dropout." I should be hard put to decide what is most repellent in that flip statement—the apparent indifference to human suffering, the sinister implications of the capital letters in the red-herring image, or the attempt to deprive the students' moral concern of any real validity. We can all learn a lot from McLuhan, but I for one will cop out with the dropouts if his pop utopia ever comes to pass.

The Middle-Age Blues

FIVE YEARS: Thoughts During a Useless Time. *By Paul Goodman. Introduction by Harold Rosenberg. Brussel & Brussel. 257 pp. $5.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

In these notebooks Paul Goodman talks to himself in the *ad hominem* way in which we find him elsewhere talking to the rest of us, and he does so because during the years 1955-60, he had, he says, "no one else to write for or talk to." These were Eisenhower years, though that aspect of this "useless time" is not in the foreground. The times, it is true, were useless because Goodman, the social thinker who became famous in 1960 with the publication of *Growing Up Absurd*, wasn't being used; but they were grievously useless because he was painfully aware of his age, his "ugliness," his failure as a writer (no one would publish his novel, *Empire City*), and his dispossession from paradise—"his only world" that "wouldn't come across."

These years from age 45 to 50 were disheartening, but no less so, it seems than those that followed. The 53-year old "tired man" of *Making Do* is being used (up) and has advanced a run on Plato's ladder, but he has not yet found the satisfactions of self and world that constitute his paradise; he makes do because he doesn't make out. In this novel of the breakdown of a private community where friends use one another as resources, Goodman, who uses himself in art in the direct way of the contemporary confessional poets, speaks of his erotic nature and progress on the ladder of love. Though his Eros has turned now to "the institutions and the customs of the city"—who can doubt his love affair with his city?—he has not quite gone beyond the lower rung where one is attracted to "the beautiful bodies he sees." Much of *Making Do* con

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cerns, and celebrates, this erotic attachment, and *Five Years* is dominated by the need for it. One might characterize these notebooks by saying that they concern a man of the streets whose failures to satisfy his homosexual hunger test his theory that "satisfaction is the necessary ground for the full exercise of power." As Goodman says of the beautiful bodies in *Making Do*, "I had certainly been wondrously attracted to them, though with indifferent success in ever getting to touch them." For one whose mental life was so dependent on the physical, it was a very bad time.

There is more than this in the notebooks but not very much thematically that is new to Goodman's readers. Their importance is of another kind: they give us a more intimate feeling of the author's way of being in the world. ("It is not hard," Goodman rightly says, "to reconstruct the man in the city who had these thoughts.") They also deepen our awareness of the filiation of such disparate forms as the novels *Empire City* and *Making Do* (with *Five Years*, these provide a personal and social history of Goodman's times); the poems (especially the "Sentences and Prayers" of *The Lordly Hudson*); social treatises like *Growing Up Absurd* and *Communitas*, and the psychological manual *Gestalt Therapy*. In them we find a Utopian who is much of the time hopelessly sad, a writer old-fashioned enough to have a heroic humanist ambition, and (like many thinkers who respect man's relation to nature and history) a profound conservative. Students may admire Goodman because he makes good in the very system he attacks, but he sees himself otherwise: "Probably my chief *use* is that I carefully preserve the conventional structure for the young and prove that one *can* maintain some vitality and honor within it. This gives them the possibility of having a past, which they have come to doubt."

The notebooks confirm Goodman's intense sense of a sustaining past and his joy in its human victories. They also present a thinker whose thought, however much advanced it seems, goes back to the generation of World War I, whose unfinished revolution he has undertaken to complete. Goodman is a literary radical (the term is Randolph Bourne's), an artist with a sociological imagination and open devotion to community—in our time a rare and valuable kind of intellectual. The reader of *Compulsory Mis-Education* and *The Community of Scholars* will recognize the debt to John Dewey's theories of progressive education and perhaps the

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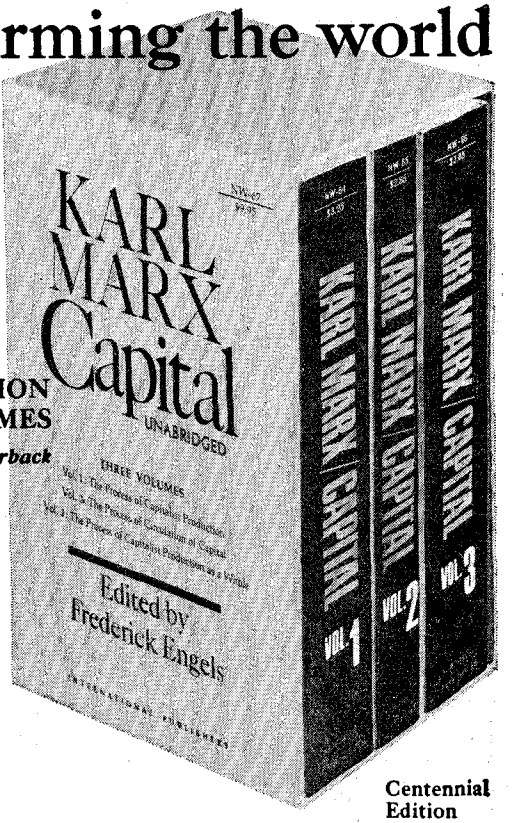

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similarity in aim to Bourne's *Education and Living*. For Goodman is a pragmatist who acquired, along with the method of pragmatism, the democratic vision of its pioneers; like them he seeks by means of "practical proposals" (alternative ideas worthy to be tested) "the society of justice and the culture of paradise." "The reader will see," he says in *Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals*, "that . . . I prefer the language of pragmatism and . . . an organism/environment psychology of novelty, excitement, and growth. The existing is prior to hopes and plans; and the 'Right Method' is to find in the existing the occasion that has future, freedom to act."

This describes Goodman's essential approach but not the criticism of functions that he has employed along with it. "Let us," he says in *Communitas*, "subject the function itself to a formal critique. Is the *function* good? Bona fide? Is it worthwhile? Is it worthy of a man to do that? What are the consequences? Is it compatible with other, basic, human functions?" The candor and daring of such questions are aspects of the advanced *style* of Goodman's thought, and they are most effective, at least to those who agree with Santayana that "it is essential to the validity of a moral maxim that it should be framed in the interest of natural impulses."

There are no idle thoughts in these notebooks, and if there were, Goodman has put them to work by structuring them, taking them from their original disorder, and placing them in loose categories: "Psychology," "Art," "Method," "God," etc. Structure is the sin of his didacticism ("me who structure everything") or perhaps the result of an unconscious wish to make the useless time more worth while than it appeared. It may even account for the failure of this religious man, who implores and relies on the Creator Spirit, to reach the highest rung of the ladder of love: "I was frozen on the ladder. . . . There was a risk that I was afraid to take. I did not trust to let the nature of things be. . . ."

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Mr. Grosser, artist and writer, is the author of The Critic's Eye *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

Tunis

The Tunisian national museum, the Bardo, lies outside the gates of Tunis on the road to Bizerte. It occupies the harem wing of a 19th-century palace, a commodious and undistinguished building set beside the present house of parliament in a park full of trees, Roman statuary, and Spahis on guard in their flowing, burnt-vermilion uniforms. The collection, begun by the French in the 1880s, was acquired entirely in Tunisia. There are Punic remains, Arabo-Muslem ceramics, Roman sculpture, a celebrated shipment of Hellenistic marbles and bronzes recovered from a sunken galley, and the largest and finest assembly of Roman mosaics in the world. A selection of all this will be going to America this summer under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, to remain two years and to be exhibited in museums around the country.

Tunis and its suburbs occupy the site of what was once Carthage, a city larger even than Rome and Rome's greatest maritime enemy. Conquered and taken over by the republic, the territory Carthage had dominated became, under the name of Africa, the richest of the Roman provinces. It was filled, from its mountainous north to the deserts in the south, with cities, farms, villas—a tranquil and prosperous backwater, importing its art and fashions from the capital, building its towns and houses on Italian models, and decorating them with the commonplaces of mythology that appear throughout the Roman world. The Carthaginian culture that Rome destroyed was certainly less stereotyped, if one can judge by the two remarkable Punic terra cottas discovered on Cape Bon: one of a woman nursing a child who, with her broad, round face and placid, earthy grin, might be Juliet's nurse herself; the other, a lion-headed goddess, wears the sweetly malicious smile of an all too understanding maiden aunt.

Only in their portrait heads did the Romans exhibit any comparable interest in human characterization. Everywhere else they patronized a neutral and decorative classicism. How busy must have been the workshops that supplied them, turning out production lines of copies, some good and some indifferent, of the great masterpieces—Phidean Venuses, athletes after Scopas, Apollos with lizards, Hercules with club by the dozens—to be distributed from one end to the other of the Roman world; whole Iliads and Odysseys in stone, like those the hero of the *Satyricon* found in the millionaire Tremalchio's palace. From such a workshop must have come the columns and urns recovered from a galley sunk off Mahdia, and perhaps some of the marble statues found there as well.

The sponge fishermen who first saw the columns lying on the sandy bottom thought they were cannons. This was in 1907. The wreck lay at 17 fathoms, which is deep for diving, even today, and it took five years to salvage it. There were some sixty columns with capitals, intended for the construction of a villa; marble and bronze statues; the fragments of eight huge marble garden urns with friezes of Satyrs and Bacchantes; along with the bronze fittings and other remains of a set of those luxurious and uncomfortable dining-room couches, to our eyes the most puzzling feature of Roman upper-class living. The marble objects are all badly and oddly eroded. The parts exposed to sea water are bored and pitted by mollusks; the parts protected by the sand they lie in have preserved an almost shocking newness, capitals and urns still showing the workmen's chisel marks. The fragile volutes of the capitals are not entirely disengaged from the block and were probably intended to

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be finished in place. Two of the urns have the same friezes as two similar urns, one in the Louvre and one in Pisa. Handsome as they are, all eight are undoubtedly mass-produced copies of what must have been famous originals.

The bronzes are less conventional pieces; in fact, so little conventional that since the wreck is thought to have taken place in 81 B.C., it is conceivable that some of them might come from Sulla's sack of Athens in 86. The best of all the pieces, one of the very finest Greek bronzes in existence, is that rarest of all objects, a Greek original: it bears the signature of the third-century sculptor, Boethos Calchidonios. It is a boundary marker of the type known as a Hermes, a rectangular column topped with a bearded, archaistic head coiffed with formal curls and elegant, stiff folds of ribbon. There is a larger bronze of a child with wings, an Argon, presumed to be by the same sculptor but in a softer and quite dissimilar style, along with a number of small Hellenistic figures of highest quality, notably a pursuing Satyr, a Hermes in the role of herald and three dancing dwarfs, amiably comic and quite unclassical.

The museum displays a great deal of sculpture besides this; almost every Tunisian village is a Roman site. The best pieces are probably importations, since the local work, to judge from the capitals and columns of standing ruins, seems cruder in design and execution than similar work in Greece, Italy or Sicily. The unique treasure here is the mosaics. Just as Roman wall painting can be seen only at Naples, only in the Bardo is there such a collection of Roman mosaics. Remembering the Byzantine style of the mosaics of Ravenna or St. Mark's in Venice, one is inclined to think of mosaic as wall decoration, executed in fragile tesserae of glazed ceramic and bright bits of brilliant colored glass and glass inset with gold. The Roman mosaics, on the other hand, are composed of small pieces of rock in natural colors—earth reds, tawny yellows, sage greens, dusty blues, whites and blacks, along with an occasional brighter bit of tough ceramic, all set in the most impervious cement—as hard as iron, and made to last forever as floor or pavement. One of the displays here is the ground plan of a house excavated in Uthina, the plan made up of photographs of the actual mosaics found in place: a central court surrounded by some twenty or thirty rooms of varying sizes, each with its mosaic pavement, each one beautiful, each different, and all perfectly preserved. Some of the mosaics, and quite fine ones, are set in the floor of the Bardo as pavements to be walked on. And why not? There are so many of them—hundreds here on display, more in the museum's reserves, in the museum at Sousse, on the original sites, in Roman towns not yet excavated or even identified.

It is supposed that the art came here from Antioch and Alexandria, arriving at the end of the first century of our epoch, and continuing to flourish through the fourth. The oldest of the mosaics have mythological subjects. The composition is invariably well designed, the decorative details, borders and garlands beautifully executed. The drawing of the figures and faces is sometimes extremely skillful, sometimes much less so, as would happen in work done after cartoons imported from the capital and copied by local artisans with varying degrees of skill. Toward the end of the second century, local subjects begin to appear. The earliest of these, from Oudna, exhibits a country house surrounded by trees, pheasants and geese. Little by little, the mythological subjects make way for local ones. There are hunts with dogs and horses, a company of bears, racing scenes from the hippodrome, and even the portrait of a favorite driver with his four horses. There are seas with fish and fishermen, water birds and boats. A pavement from Médenine depicts all types of embarkations, each with its Greek or Latin name attached. In fact, it is principally from these African mosaics that we derive our ideas of Roman ships and shipping. Another mosaic from El Djem divides into rectangles, each containing a still life—a basket of bread, a bird in cage, two red mullets. One dating from the end of the fourth century describes the estate of a certain Lord Julius. In the center is his baronial castle flanked by towers. Below in one corner is the lord himself receiving accounts from his steward, in the other his lady being handed a necklace by her maid. Around are scenes of olive picking, hunting, harvesting, a guest arriving—all the concomitants of country life.

After the fourth century, both execution and design become less skillful and the subject matter exclusively Christian—principally church decoration and mortuary inscriptions, portraits of the deceased inscribed with pious sentiments, and intended rather as wall decoration than as pavement. And here begins to appear the glass and ceramic technique characteristic of Byzantine work.

It would be difficult to consider any of these mosaics, Roman, African or Paleo-Christian, as great works of art. None, for example, has the grace of

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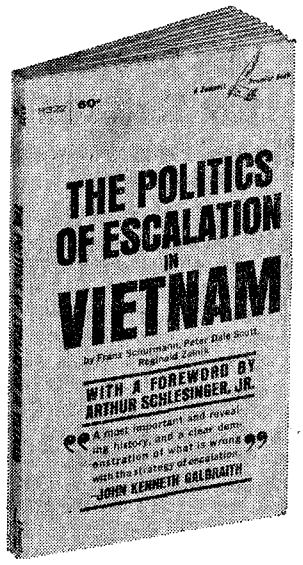

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the mosaic in small, sea-worn pebbles, showing Aphrodite on a leopard and found in Alexander's Macedonian capital, Pella; nor is there any of the virtuosity, of the, so to speak, fine brushwork, of the mosaics in Naples which depict the warring Greeks and Persians; nor of the psychological insight and compositional complexity of the mosaic at St. Vitale in Ravenna portraying Justinian and his court. This material in Tunis is a decorator's art, and a provincial version at that. Just the same, its richness of color, the stiff skill of its delineations and, above all, its decorative invention and the endless variety of its ornamental devices are a delight. Even more gratifying is the charming aspect it presents of Roman life in a peaceful province. The American traveling collection will be well worth seeing.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Stage Company (HSC) is a small resident professional theatre located in a refurbished warehouse just off the main street of Hartford, Conn.; *The Servant of Two Masters* by Carlo Goldoni was the hit of the Venetian theatre season of 1743. I had two good reasons for not going to see the production of the latter recently mounted by the former: the last HSC production I had seen had been a labored, ponderous, smirking version of a Victorian melodrama and the last time I had seen *The Servant of Two Masters* (just a week previously in a clumsily acted production by the professional company of the McCarter Theatre at Princeton), I was moved to wonder why any modern American company would bother with it.

Sighing lovers, bumbling servants, far fetched coincidences, all the conventional paraphernalia of classical comedy, are less in demand nowadays than they were in Goldoni's time—especially when, as in this case, they are adorned with no poetry and very little wit. Unless it has suffered severely in all three of the translations I have encountered, the play is a piece of good-hearted, simple-minded fooling, heavily dependent upon the comic resources of its executants. It is firmly rooted, moreover, in the *Commedia dell'Arte* tradition, about which American actors know even less than they know about most kinds of theatre. (This was almost pathetically obvious at Princeton.)

But I went to Hartford all the same

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(it was on my way to Boston, and I had a free night), and saw their *Servant of Two Masters*. It turned out to be, in its modest and cheerful fashion, something of a revelation. The Hartford performers were not highly experienced, specially skilled actor-acrobats, like the troupe for which *The Servant* was written, but Paul Weidner, the director and translator for the Hartford production, found a kind of life in Goldoni's old farce that American actors can project.

He realized that the *commedia* was fundamentally a popular art form. Its natural habitat was the streets, where traveling companies, most of them grubby and second-rate, would set up a stage and do their stuff before a noisy, rowdy, macaroni-and-garlic crowd. Mr. Weidner's production used Goldoni's play as a means of evoking the vigorous, exuberant life of the Italian streets which, it is implied, has not changed very much over the last 200 years.

As you came into the theatre, the thrust stage was bare except for a large rubber-tired cart, piled high with junk and surmounted by a crate of live chickens. At about 8:15, a couple of *ragazzi*, looking like the laborers and loafers you see in working-class neighborhoods of Italy today, appeared and started to unload the cart; one of them chewed bubble gum, making popping noises as he worked. As they arranged the stage for the performance, other men and women drifted in: they were the actors. Some of them called *"Bon giorno"* to the house. One girl was wearing a mini-skirt; another, whose breasts were practically jumping out of a scoop-necked blouse, offered her small dog to be petted by members of the audience. Tinny music started coming out of a loud-speaker: *Santa Lucia*, mandolin selections and Verdi.

The actors drifted off again to put on their costumes. To beguile the time, one of the scene-shifters did some second-rate acrobatics, first stopping to tuck in his shirt, and yelling "bravo!" for himself whenever he brought off some simple feat. Actors drifted on again; there were arguments; a fight broke out and was quelled; and by not too long after 8:30 an attractive scruffy aggregation—contemporary Italian traveling players (or so we are willing to believe) was ready to present *The Servant of Two Masters*.

It was all a gimmick, of course, and by no means an original one, but yielded more fun before the play proper began than some productions manage in an entire evening. Furthermore, it provided a context within which both actors and audience could relax and be comfortable with each other and with Goldoni's play, which through all the goings-on was never, so far as I could tell, distorted or demeaned.

The performance itself was in keeping with what went before: earthy and energetic, with little time wasted on subtleties, and no precious powdered-wiggery. A porter, underpaid, makes the "Va fongul!" sign, fist to inside of elbow, as he walks off; a servant steals a half-eaten apple; traveling players understand about hunger.

Goldoni's script demands to be elaborated with a great deal of business, and Weidner supplied it, drawing upon the traditional *lazzi* (sight-gags) of the *commedia*, and upon the immemorial repertory of pratfalls, kicks and other kinds of mayhem that unite Aristophanes with Tom and Jerry.

Truffaldino, the eponymous servant who causes so much confusion, was played by Macon McCalman, a veteran of ten seasons at the Front Street Theatre in Memphis. Much of the more elaborate business fell to him: it was he who became so hungry that he killed an invisible fly, cooked it over a match, and ate it (this is very traditional); it was he who got his face pushed into a bowl of pudding, from which it emerged covered with goo (this, of course, is even more traditional). McCalman was as funny as he needed to be, and had an agreeable, easygoing, country-boy quality. The evening's one really brilliant performance, however, was given by Henry Thomas as Pantalone, the father of one of the lovers. Thomas provided a conventional old-man characterization, raised to a hilarious pitch by sheer comic virtuosity.

But the production succeeded as an ensemble effort. All the actors appeared to be functioning on the same easy, informal, happy wave length. The initial convention was never forgotten. Caley Summers' costumes were just the kind of gaudy but dubious 18th-century outfits that a hand-to-mouth company in Italy today might improvise: one of the lovers, for instance, wore a scarlet 18th-century coat over a brown T-shirt and green corduroy pants. The set changes featured the same seedy *ragazzi* who began the evening. Even Weidner's translation was flavored with a combination of operatic and ice-cream Italian: "Piano, piano, momento, signor," "Me misericordia!" "Buon dio!" "Si," "Bella," "Prego," "Scusi," "Molto honorato," "Maledetto!" "Assassino!"

The atmosphere was maintained right through the happy ending, when all the confusions are cleared up and all the lovers reunited, to the waltzing finale and curtain call (to the tune of the *Brindisi* from *Traviata*). By presenting to us the idealized image of a sunny, expansive style of life, at the opposite pole from our tight bourgeois ways, the production serves, I think, a purpose beyond simple merrymaking. It is about time that somebody besides the hippies reminded us of what we miss by being good, busy, success-oriented Americans.

I ought to admit that Weidner, the man behind all this, is an old acquaintance of mine, though I have hardly seen him in the past few years. I acted in his thesis production at the Yale School of

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Drama; I was pretty bad, and he had no idea of what to do about me. Since then, he appears to have become a better director, and nowadays he has better actors working for him.

All prejudices aside, however, I tend to get tired of the uninspired semi-competence that prevails in most of the regional theatres. The general attitude often seems to be: "This is a classic, whether we like it or not; let's get it on somehow." Weidner has gone beyond that and done some genuinely creative work. His production concept, moreover, is not merely a frivolous Bright Idea, designed to aggrandize the director at the expense of the play; it is a spritely and responsible notion that takes into account the script, the actors and the audience, and justifies itself in relation to all three.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

Back about the time of Richardson's *Tom Jones*, British films began coming to us with an exceedingly high polish in them. The shine of what seems to be the highest luster plastic finish lends a brighter than life smartness to such proceedings and makes all the lovingly placed objects look "interesting." This is acceptable enough; it accords with the pop and camp glossiness of the art galleries, the fluorescent bang of the mini-skirt generation. But when all that attention is paid to surface, it becomes particularly important that something should be going on down in the interior—as was the case, for example, with *Blow Up*, a film very much in the current British idiom, though made by Antonioni.

Sad little lyrics about the human condition won't justify the expensive look of the showcase, and that is the trouble with *Accident*, which Harold Pinter wrote and Joseph Losey directed from some novel that must surely have skidded rapidly to the remainder table. The picture glows with visual ravishments, as though Oxford and London had been converted into one huge film set, with hidden lights warming up the texture of centuries for the filtered lenses, and with every foot of the way as filled with ingenious amusements as a roadside gift shop. But all this is in behalf of a story that in its general statement is a platitude—middle-aged professors stand in some peril of becoming emotionally involved with their female students—and which one hopes in vain will take on some life-giving particularity. There is occasional good dialogue (Pinter) and the cast is fashion-page handsome (Dirk Bogarde, Jacqueline Sassard and Michael York in particular). But the spectacle of a pair of rivalrous dons dangerously tiring themselves over a bit of narcissistic fluff is too miserably commonplace to be animated by lavish décor and cunning photography. Nor is it given much point by a fortuitous motor fatality, even when the accident is employed as a rousing opener, with everything else occurring as flashback.

And I could not quite kid myself that I was watching distrait academics, for all the gowns and sherry and Gothic towers. Bogarde and Stanley Baker are vivid actors, but a thing they are incapable of suggesting is intellectual enterprise. They behave throughout as though an amatory flare-up had complicated their plans to rob a bank. York, as an undergraduate who, if he hadn't died in a ditch, would clearly have caught the girl when the dons had wearied of tossing her about, at least handles a cricket bat with authority. However if I hadn't been told he was playing a young aristocrat, I would have supposed him a strayed teddy boy. *Accident* falls into the trap of setting up a problem about which it finds nothing to say. But how it shines!

Carlos Saura's *The Hunt* was made in Spain and has been shown there, apparently with no official retaliation. Its implicit statement is that men who in their youth killed Loyalists for Franco ever after have murder in their hearts—and murder will out. It must still take some courage to say this in Spain today, and the impact of the film on its countrymen should have been considerable.

But despite the historical allusions and despite the obvious military parallels of much of the action, this generalization is more effective as a political challenge than as the presupposition for a work of fiction. It is certainly possible that the three protagonists of the film carry the sickness of homicide in their blood, but it is at least as likely that the immediate situation produces the slaughter. And that situation seems quite rigidly manipulated to produce an exercise in implacable grimness.

In any case, I felt from the start that these men were behaving in obedience to the script rather than according to logic or their own inclinations. One of them is a rich bully, another is a nervously exhausted bankrupt, the third is a cynical toady. They go off rabbit hunting in a brutal scorpion valley where years before they had hunted men. The rabbit slaughter is repulsive and pointless, but the old men fire away in a mood of pumped-up virility, though with no pleasure and little interest, and only the young nephew of one of them is repelled by the avalanche of broken fur rolling down the hillocks. As they shoot, they drink brandy under the violent sun, and as they drink they begin to taunt one another. It is not long before the men are as dead as the rabbits.

The fault in such a picture as *The Hunt* is that it depresses to no purpose. It is in the nature of evidence for a coroner's jury, a meticulous description of what happened. But why we should care that it happened does not emerge from the imposed misery. Carlos Saura is a young director with a very strong command of the medium and he has chosen in his first picture to make a bold statement to his countrymen. But he has also allowed his purpose to outweigh his art, and the picture has not exported well.

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